

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

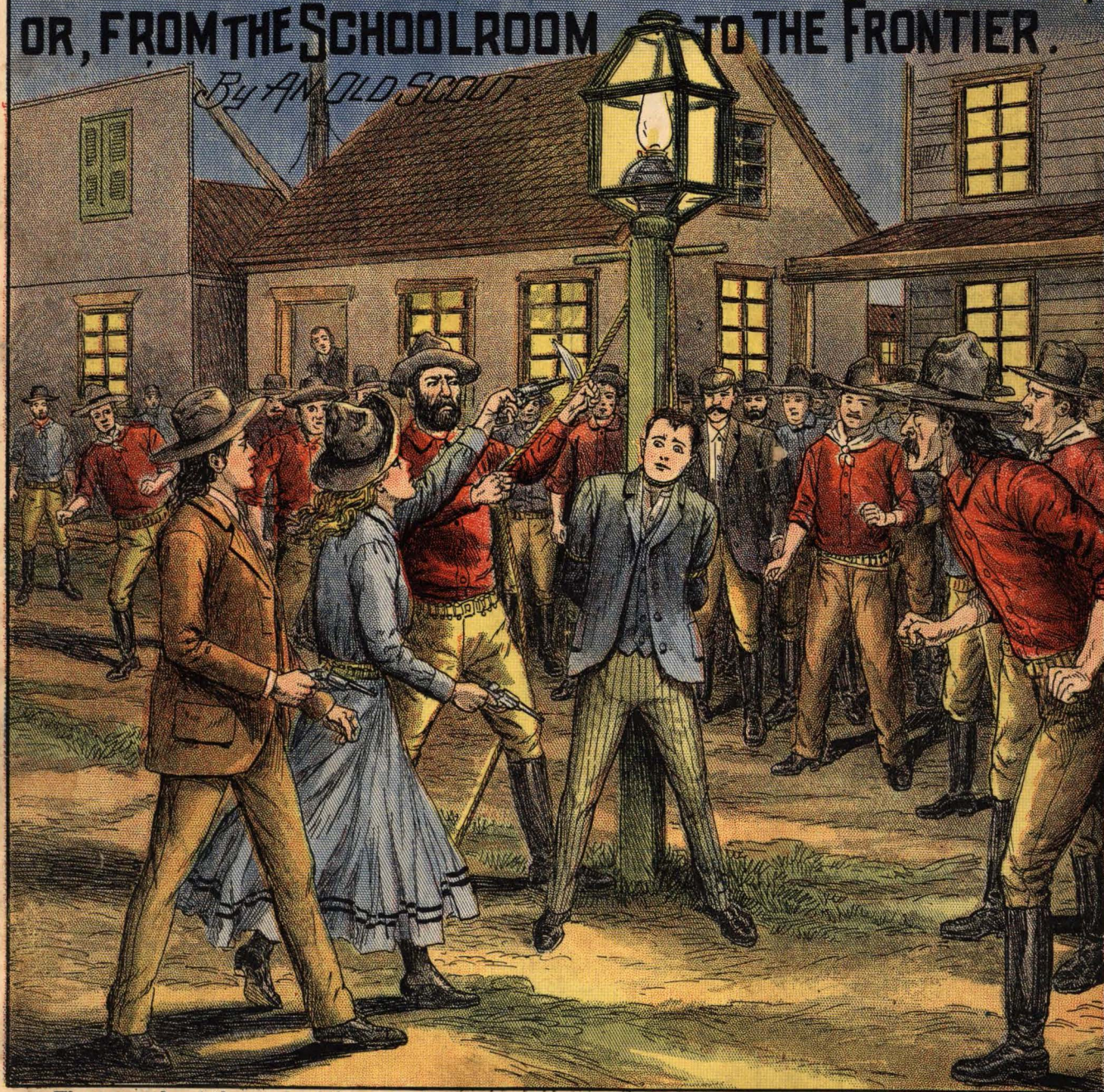
No. 555.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BOYHOOD DAYS OF "PAWNEE BILL"; OR, FROM THE SCHOOLROOM TO THE FRONTIER.

By AN OLD SCOUT



The rope about the neck of the unfortunate youth was cut, and, standing between Dollie and Gordon, he gazed with wondering, frightened eyes upon the crowd of rough, angry men, held at bay by the revolvers in the hands of the brave boy and girl.

PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, November 7, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1909, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No 555.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BOYHOOD DAYS OF "PAWNEE BILL"

—OR—

From the Schoolroom to the Frontier

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.

GRADUATED.

A storm of applause greeted Gordon Lillie as he stepped out before the vast throng of men, women and children, to deliver his oration. It was the last day at the high school in the town of Bloomington, which is in Illinois, and the handsome, spirited lad of sixteen was a general favorite there. Everyone liked him; he was brave, generous, just, and had never been known to do an unjust thing in his life.

In a musical, ringing voice he delivered his oration, which was a masterly composition, and when it was ended, every person present felt that he would surely take the prize, for it was the finest they had ever heard. His brown eyes glowed, his cheeks flushed, and his father, who was on the front row of seats, felt his bosom swell with pride.

When he finished, round after round of cheers greeted him, and he was obliged to come back three times in order to receive the flowers that were freely showered upon him.

His teacher met him when he left the stage with outstretched hand.

"I am proud of you, Gordon," he said, heartily. "You surpassed yourself to-day. Your oration was splendid, your delivery grand. I never heard you speak so eloquently before. You would make a fine orator, my boy."

The youth smiled, for that was the last thing in the world he wished to be. At the same time he thanked his teacher, highly gratified at the praise bestowed upon him.

There was one person present, however, who was not pleased at the success of Gordon Lillie, and that one was a swarthy, low-browed boy of about the same age as our hero. His black eyes glittered snakishly as he darted a look of hate and jealousy at the manly young fellow when he saw him openly congratulated by the head teacher. His name was Matt Robe, and he was the son of a half-breed Indian who had been in the employ of Gordon's father. When he died, some years before the opening of our story, he left his only child penniless and

alone, and but for the kind heart of his employer he would have been cast adrift upon the world.

As it was, he gave him a home and the same advantages his own boy had. Both attended the high school together; both were to graduate at the same time, and while Gordon Lillie looked upon him as almost in the light of a brother, Matt Robe hated him secretly.

He dared not show it openly, for he knew it would be to his sorrow, but he was envious and jealous, always glad when anything happened that would place Gordon for a time in disfavor with his father.

His dark face grew white with anger when he heard the teacher congratulate him on his oration, for he had set his heart upon taking the prize, and the thought that he would fail never once entered his mind. He was so sure of winning; and now the boy who always stood in his way would triumph over him again. It was the same in everything else. He was a skillful rider, but the horse that threw him easily could not unseat Gordon. He was also a good shot, but where he hit the bull's-eye once out of every three shots, Gordon never missed it. He had but few friends, while old and young, rich and poor, high and lowly, loved Gordon Lillie. It was a bitter morsel indeed, for the treacherous, ungrateful boy to swallow, and he really fancied that he was wronged by his benefactor's son.

"How I do hate him, with his curly hair and fair skin," he muttered. "One would think he was a god the way they all run after him! Why? Simply because he has a handsome face and a silvery tongue, while I am dark and ugly, and never know what to say. Bah! this world is composed of strange people, but there may come a day when Gordon Lillie will not be the hero that he is now. At any rate I shall hope for it."

And that was all the gratitude Matt Robe had for the kind-hearted man who had befriended him. He would stab the hand that had saved him.

Gordon Lillie did take the prize, and when the exercises were at an end and people crowded around him, congratulating him upon his triumphant success, it was only natural that he should feel a thrill of pride, but at the same time his mind was bent upon something entirely different. He was sorry too for Matt

Robe, for he well knew how confident he had been that he would win it.

"Matt, I am sorry that you did not get it," he said frankly, when the two met. "And, of course, while I appreciate the honor conferred upon me, at the same time I would rather see you have it, for I know you expected it, and I honestly think you were entitled to it, fully more so than I am. But things are seldom well agreed upon in this world."

A strange smile fluttered about Matt Robe's lips.

"It is better as it is," he said quietly. "You surely deserved the prize, or they would never have given it to you. I am satisfied."

Although he spoke so quietly there was a raging demon in his heart, but he managed to conceal it.

"How I would like to disfigure that handsome face of yours forever," he muttered to himself, looking enviously at the clear complexion and bright eyes of the boy he hated so bitterly. At the same instant he caught a glimpse of his own dark, ugly face in a mirror opposite, and he turned away, cursing the fate that had been so unkind to him.

"I wish he was as ugly as I am," he said between his set teeth. "Then he would know how I feel when people pass me by, and openly admire him. It is not right for him to have everything while I have nothing."

He forgot the kindness which had been shown him all the years he had lived beneath the roof of the only friend he had in the world, and he really considered himself a much-abused person, simply because Nature had not blessed him with the beauty of face or form which his more fortunate companion possessed.

That same evening Gordon's father summoned the boy to his study and had a long talk with him. It was his wish that he should at once enter upon a profession of some kind or go into business.

"For there is no time like youth to get a start, my son," he said, by way of closing the conversation, "and the quicker you begin the better it will be for you. Now, what do you think you would like best?"

"Really, father, I cannot say just at present," he answered, a strange glow in his bright brown eyes. "You will have to give me time to think it over. I do not want to decide in a hurry, for in less than a year I would be likely to change my mind, and then it would be so much lost time. I want to be sure before I make a start."

"You are quite right in that, Gordon," he father replied, thoughtfully, "and I am very glad to see you have such a good, clear head regarding business matters."

"The wisest heads are sometimes on young shoulders, sir," the boy said with a smile, at the same time thinking how surprised his father would be if he really knew his intentions, "and I shall very soon know what I want to enter upon, whether business or a profession."

But for some time afterwards when he was alone he sat quietly thinking, his young face grave and thoughtful.

"I'll do it," he suddenly exclaimed, bringing his fist down upon his knee. "For I'll never be happy or even contented if I do as father wants me to—I was never cut out for such a life, and I would be a failure just as sure as I start in upon it, so I'll say nothing to anyone, but very quietly go away as I have intended. I know father will be angry at first, but he will soon get over it, and in the end it will be the best for all concerned. I will lose no time either, for the quicker I go, the better. To-morrow night will be a good time. I'll get ready to-morrow, and by this time I'll be on my way, for I never can spend my life here."

CHAPTER II.

THE RUNAWAY.

The boy who had carried off the highest honors at school that day slept very peacefully the night he determined to leave the paternal roof and make his own way in the world. The town where he was born, and where his brief life had been passed, was altogether too tame and dull to satisfy his restless, ambitious nature, and he had made up his mind to run away and seek his fortune in the Far West. He could not bear the thought of plodding along in the same uneventful way, year after year, as his friends and neighbors did. At the same time there was nothing to do but to go without asking him.

Bright and early the following morning he was up and astir. He did not have very elaborate preparations to make for the journey, but he wanted to have everything in readiness. He also wished to draw a sum of money from the savings bank where he had been carefully depositing it for over a year. To be sure, it was not a large amount, but it would take him far enough from home that he need have no fear of being overtaken and brought back. For months he had been contemplating the step he was about to take, and he could resist no longer. The tales he had read of the free, wild life the cowboys, trappers and hunters led, fired his ambitious mind, and, with visions of them ever before him, he arrived at the conclusion that he would never be satisfied until he, too, became a knight of the plains.

There were several small articles he wished to purchase, among them a pair of revolvers, and with those gleaming weapons in his possession, he already felt himself a true Westerner.

He did not know that close behind him, dogging his footsteps, spying upon his every move, came Matt Robe. All unconscious that he was being watched, he went from store to store, his heart beating high in anticipation of the wonderful journey he was going upon.

"I wonder what he is buying the revolver for," the spy muttered to himself. "He surely does not intend to shoot anyone, for he is a very peaceable fellow, and yet when he is really mad—whew—but the fur flies! He is up to something, though, there's no getting around that, and I am going to find out what it is as sure as my name is Matt Robe. Ah, I have it," suddenly. "I'll bet five dollars that he is going to run away, and I hope he will. He has always been in my way, and the sooner he goes the better for me. I shall not tell his father, for if he knew it he would try and keep him here. Go ahead, my handsome Gordon. If you displease your father," chuckling, "he will be so angry with you that he will never forgive you, and he will gradually grow to look upon me as a son in place of you. I shall do all in my power to help you to get away, for it is to my advantage."

That day passed very quickly to the boy, although he was eager to be off on his journey to the great West. His pulses tingled every time he thought of it, and yet underneath all was a vein of sadness, for he was leaving his home and parents to go forth into the world upon a career that was entirely different from the one to which he had been accustomed. It might be years ere he would look upon the beloved faces again, and it might be that he was leaving them forever. He was a good boy, and though strong-willed and determined, where his affections were concerned he was mild and gentle.

"But I am doing it all for the best," he murmured, as he sat upon the porch in the soft spring moonlight, the gentle breeze laden with the odor of early flowers, caressing his brow. "And I may come back to them a famous and rich man. Who knows?"

Ah, who did know, and he himself least of all. Little did he dream of the future that awaited him, the long stretch of years during which he would become known from one end of the world to the other. The boy of sixteen sitting alone upon the vine-wreathed porch in the moonlight, half glad, half sorry because he was going away from his childhood's home to carve out for himself both fame and fortune, could not lift the mystic veil, and behold the scenes in the drama of life. He must be content with hope, that constant companion of youth.

Every move he made during the day was carefully watched by Matt Robe, and the young scoundrel chuckled to himself in glee, as he thought of his rival being out of his way forever. His heart was bad enough to kill him had he the opportunity.

At last darkness enfolded the world. The moon had hidden herself beneath a cloud for a time, and in less than one short hour Gordon Lillie would be on his way to the Far West. His father had again spoken to him before he went to his room that night, regarding the future.

"Well, have you decided what you would like best to do, my boy?" he asked him, while they were sitting together outside, enjoying the beauty of the night. "You have had a whole day to think it over, and you surely ought to have arrived at some conclusion by this time. How would you like to study law? It is an honorable profession, and a paying one."

"No, father, I am sure that I was never cut out for a lawyer," Gordon replied. "For there is too much underhanded work about it, and that is something I could never do. As for studying medicine, that is even worse. To-morrow this time, and you shall know what I intend to do."

The last words were spoken very quietly, and Matt Robe, who was listening behind a syringa bush, chuckled softly.

"Hark! what was that?" Gordon asked, leaning forward and peering in the direction from whence the sound came. "It sounded like someone laughing. It was near by, too."

"It was merely some night-bird, or else the wind," his father answered. "That was all. Well, good-night, my boy; I hope you will lose no time in making up your mind whether you will learn some useful trade or enter upon a profession, for as I said to you once before, there is no time to lose—and I want to see you settled comfortably in life before I die."

"Don't talk of dying, father, at your age," the lad responded quickly. "You are a young man yet, and by the time I am rich and famed all over the world you will then be ready to retire and live in luxury for the rest of your life."

His father's answer was a hearty laugh, and thus they parted, father and son, little dreaming how many years would elapse ere they were allowed to look upon each other's faces again.

It was no discredit to the boy that his brown eyes were somewhat dim as he watched his father's form disappear through the open door.

"Dear old dad, how he will miss me, and how I shall miss him," he murmured. "But if I remained here I should either stagnate or die. I wish I had a different nature, but I am not to blame for it, and I feel that I am doing the wisest thing in going. What is the use of staying in a place when you are miserable? It is better for all concerned."

He went quietly to his room, the same as he had done for years, save that instead of going to bed he sat down beside the open window and looked out into the moonlight, waiting for the time to come when he could steal out unobserved. It was very calm and peaceful there in that home, and he realized it more than ever. The scent of the apple blossoms in the garden was borne to him, and a million fireflies dashed back and forth like tiny lanterns. He was going forth from this home tree to battle with the big, cold world, and yet no power upon earth could have swerved him from his purpose.

It was close upon the midnight hour when he crept cau-

tiously from the house. The moon was high in the heavens above, and as he turned and looked back, it seemed to him that his home had never looked one-half as pleasant as it did upon the night when he was leaving it forever. Still he did not falter. One backward glance, one silent prayer of blessing for those who slept so peacefully beneath its roof, and Gordon Lillie turned his face toward the future, leaving home and friends behind.

CHAPTER III.

AT WICHITA.

Not until he was on the train flying through Western villages and towns did the boy fully realize what he had done, and then, as it all rushed over him, his heart gave a great leap of exultation and his eyes shone.

"I am at last on the way to fortune," he muttered, excitement lending a new charm to the adventure. "And I shall never go home until I am a rich man. Hurrah for the freedom of the Far West! It is life there—behind me, stagnation."

After a somewhat uneventful journey he landed at Wichita, it being then the end of the railroad, and he struck the town at the right time, for it was during the excitement of the cattle shipmen, and the town was full of cowboys, horse men, gamblers, and all such as go to make up a genuine border town. The boy's eyes sparkled when he saw the knee-boots, the buckskin breeches, the glittering spurs, the broad-brimmed hats which he had always associated with the typical Westerner, and he was thankful that he had left Bloomington far behind him.

Gordon Lillie was not a light-headed boy, easily carried away by glare and glitter, but the scenes in whose midst he had just arrived could not fail to make an impression upon his mind, and a deep one at that. For he was young, and he loved adventure.

He plunged into the enjoyments held out to him, and to say that he was happy would be drawing it altogether too mild. He had plenty of money with him, not a fortune to be sure, but enough to keep his end up with the rest. At first the cowboys whose acquaintance he made were inclined to laugh at him for being a tenderfoot, for when they called for the fiery whisky, with which the saloons of the place appeared to be flowing, he took either plain soda or lemonade.

"Lemonade!" sniffed the big, burly bartender of one rough place into which he wandered with a cowboy who went by the name of Crooked Pete. "Lemonade, did he say? Well, we don't sell any sich thing, d'ye see? Ye'll either drink the good old stuff, the same as me and Pete have done for years, or ye'll git licked, d'ye understand? Ye ain't in it this trip, kid!"

"I called for a lemonade," Gordon replied very calmly, and Crooked Pete looked at the boy in utter amazement, for in all his life he had never before heard any man contradict Big Mike, the bartender, who was a terror in that part of the town. "And I usually get what I ask for."

"Oh, you do, eh?" Big Mike growled, glaring at him like a mad bull, and at the same time secretly admiring the boy's pluck and nerve, though not for all the money in Wichita would he have confessed it. "Waal, ye won't git it this time, d'ye see? Ye'll drink hard stuff, and ye'll blow me and Pete off to a drink, or we'll make ye sorry ye were ever born. The folks in this place wasn't weaned yesterday, and we don't drink swill, see?"

"Neither do I," Gordon replied with a smile, "and that is

why I asked you for a lemonade. Make it good and strong, please, with plenty of sugar. And be as quick about it as you can, for I am very thirsty."

One moment Big Mike stared at the boy, his eyes fairly popping out of his head, and then in a voice that sounded like a crash of thunder he roared:

"D'y'e mean that fur an insult, ye young idiot? Who d'y'e think ye're talking to, anyway? I tell ye that ye'll drink whisky, or I'll make it so durned lively fur ye that ye'll be mighty glad ter git out of Wichita! Now swaller that or I'll choke the gizzard out of ye!" pushing a glass filled with the vile stuff toward the boy and another toward Crooked Pete. "There, Pete, it won't take ye very long ter hide it, and as for the kid, if he dares set it down on the bar afore it's empty I'll lick the life out of him. Drink it quick, youngster!"

Gordon lifted the glass in his hand, and holding it up so that the light shone through as he looked at it, an expression of disgust sweeping over his face. Then he deliberately dashed it on the floor.

Both Big Mike and Crooked Pete had swallowed theirs, and the former looked at the lad in amazement.

"Waal, I'll be hanged," he ejaculated. "If ye ain't ther biggest fool youngster that I ever sot eyes on. And now look out, fur I'm going ter give ye a worse lickin' than yer dad ever did, I swar, but ye're the first tenderfoot that ever tried ter bluff me, and I ain't going ter stand it. Look out fur yerself, baby."

The big bully rolled up his sleeves, and prepared to spring over the counter, but to his great surprise he found himself looking into the shining barrel of a new revolver, while the finger of the plucky boy was upon the trigger.

"Will you be kind enough to mix up that lemonade for me," the lad said in a cool, quiet voice, but with a ring in it that the man dared not disregard. "I told you that I was very thirsty, and I would like it as soon as possible. Please do not keep me waiting."

"Put that revolver down!" Big Mike yelled, thinking to frighten him. "Put it down or I'll swaller ye! Blast yer impudence, who d'y'e think yer fooling with?"

"Are you going to get me the lemonade or not?" was the calm question. "I think you will fare better if you do. I am only a boy, and I may be what you term a tenderfoot, but the quicker you serve me with lemonade, the better it will be for you. I will wait just five minutes, and if it's not ready by that time, then you had better get measured for a coffin. I mean business."

Big Mike had by this time arrived at the conclusion that he did mean business, and after darting another savage glance at him, he proceeded to mix the lemonade for him.

"Just change that lemon, please," Gordon said, with a smile, as the burly fellow was about to use a partly decayed one. "I always pay for what I order, and I want good stuff. I am not coaxing cholera."

Muttering an oath under his breath, the bartender did as he was requested, and every time he looked that way he caught the gleam of the revolver.

In less than five minutes the delicious beverage was ready, and tossing a five-dollar bill on the bar the boy raised the glass to his lips, still being careful to keep his finger on the trigger.

"Treat yourself, and also this gentleman," he said, pleasantly. "Lemonade is my favorite drink, and I must say that you are a master hand at it. Good luck to you."

A growl from the bully, and a chuckle of delight from Crooked Pete was his answer, and when the glass was empty he sauntered coolly out of the saloon, the cowboy beside him.

"Say, youngster, I never saw Big Mike git done up before," he chuckled. "Every fellow trembles in his boots if he goes for him like he did for ye to-night, but blast my eyes if ye

ain't game all the way through. Durn it, but ye're made of good stuff. And might I ask whar ye're bound fur, and what ye are going to do?"

"I am bound for no place in particular," Gordon replied promptly.

"Any place where I can make money, or get started is what I want to find. I ran away from home, and I am not going back until I am a rich man."

"Ye're the stuff, boy," the cowboy laughed. "And I'll bet my last dollar that ye'll win. Jest remember my words, and see how true they came in a few years. It's mighty plain ter be seen that ye've got a heap of larning in that head of yourn, and I ain't afraid but what ye'll git thar. Give us yer hand, kid, I'm glad I know ye. Won't I have fun with Big Mike when I see him agin, and— Hullo! what's ther matter thar?"

A crowd of angry-looking men were coming down the street, dragging in their midst a white-faced youth of perhaps twenty. Terror was written upon every feature, and his cries for mercy were drowned by the hoarse oaths and yells of the mob. Opposite a lamp-post they halted, and one man climbed nimbly to the top, fastening a rope around it. Then the other end was made into a noose and slipped over the head of the unhappy lad who appeared to be doomed. Gordon had never witnessed such a sight before, and his blood ran cold for he knew what it meant.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

The piteous, pleading voice of the wretched prisoner rose shrill and full of agony above the hoarse yells and cries of the maddened mob, the majority of them enraged by rum. There was but little reason among that throng of men with their passion-inflamed faces, and the unfortunate youth in their midst realized it. He knew there was no hope for him, that he was doomed, and once more he tried to appeal to their sympathy.

"Mercy!" he gasped, as the noose slipped over his head. "Mercy, gentlemen! I beg of you listen to me! I tell you I am not guilty; I swear it! I did not steal the money; I did not cheat at cards! I never did such a thing in my life, and—"

"Shut up!" a chorus of hoarse voices responded promptly. "Shut up! Who d'y'e think cares a durn fur yer word? Didn't Joe Scott swar thet he saw ye slip ther card up yer sleeve, and didn't he say thet when he turned away his head fur a minute thet he saw ye sneak ther cash and put it inside yer pocket, and Joe he hain't ther boy ter lie! He's a white man, he is, and jist because ye came inter Wichita with a biled shirt on and a collar ye needn't think for a second thet ye kin run us! Up with him, boys, and let him know how we deal with thieves in Wichita!"

One long, bitter cry of despair burst from the doomed youth's lips—a cry that echoed in the ears of many of the rough crowd long afterwards, so heartbroken, so filled with agony it was—and then they prepared to draw the boy, for he was nothing more, up and launch him into Eternity. The light from the lamp-post shone upon his pallid face and wild, frightened eyes, his blanched lips parted in one last, agonizing prayer. He was a handsome lad with delicate features, and fair curling hair, an entirely different type from the rough crowd in whose midst he was.

"May my foes be forgiven for this," were his last sobbing words. "For I am innocent of the awful crime of

which I am accused, and in time they will know it. I do not fear to die, but oh, my mother, my poor dear old mother, it will break her heart when she learns of this. It will surely kill her, and I, ah, I love her so!"

He was sobbing like a little child now, the tears rolling swiftly down his cheeks. Not that he was a coward, but the memory of the old home, the dear mother whom he never expected to see again, all swept over him, and he could hold in no longer. A hoarse, rough voice answered him:

"Jest listen ter him, boys," it jeered. "He's a-doin' ther baby act, and he thinks it will work with us, but it won't. We are too old birds ter be caught with, any sich guff, and we're on ter him. It ain't no use, sonny. Ther quicker ye let up on, thet ther better. Ye ought ter thought of thet afore, and not when it's too late. Up with him, boys, and give him a taste of how we do-things in Wichita."

That was more than Gordon could bear. The brave boy's heart swelled with anger, and he could remain silent no longer. Forgetful of the place he was in, the throng of determined men that surrounded him, he stepped forward, his finger pressing the trigger of his revolver. He forgot that he was alone, that he was a mere boy, and the one thought uppermost in his mind was to save the unhappy youth from a terrible death.

"Stop!" he commanded, in a firm, even voice, standing directly before the doomed boy. "Stop! You shall not commit this awful crime! This young man is innocent! I know it—I feel it!"

A silence followed his words—a silence caused more by surprise than anything else—and the rough, bearded men looked at each other in amazement. They were too surprised to speak. They could only stare at each other in open-mouthed wonder. To think that a mere boy, a stripling, should dare defy was more than they could understand. He stood alone before them, his handsome face, pale but determined, his lips firmly set, his eyes flashing with a dangerous light. He was determined to save the unfortunate youth who was doomed to such a disgraceful death, and once Gordon Lillie resolved to do anything it was useless to seek to change him.

Suddenly a coarse, harsh laugh rang out upon the night air, while a rough voice said mockingly:

"Jest look at ther kid, will ye, boys! How long is it since youngsters of thet stamp hev been a-runnin' Wichita? Here we are a lot of old rounders, and this baby has the cheek ter step in and interfere. Look here, my lad," in a threatening tone, advancing a trifle nearer, yet at the same time managing to keep clear of the revolver that coldly faced him, "the best thing ye kin do is to put thet gun out of sight. It ain't ther nicest thing in ther world ter look at, and if you'll take a friend's advice ye'll jest go on about yer own business and let us alone. We're goin' ter hang ther chap thet cheated at cards and stole my money, too, and if ye hev the least bit of common sense ye'll mind yer own business and let him alone. I don't blame ye fur bein' a fool, but it won't be my fault if ye don't mind yer own business after this."

Gordon's handsome face grew a trifle paler, but he did not weaken. He set his teeth tightly together, and at the same time cast an appealing glance about him in the hope of seeing his new friend, Crooked Pete. That worthy, however, was not to be seen, for, scenting trouble, he had lost himself in the crowd. Thus the boy had to bear it alone.

"This young man is not guilty of the crime with which he is charged," he said firmly, "and no power on earth can make me believe so, and this much I do say—he must and shall have an opportunity to clear himself! He shall never die like a dog for a crime of which he is not guilty, even if I am forced to die with him!"

"D'ye hear ther fool kid, boys?" Joe Scott shouted in hoarse glee. "D'ye hear him, boys, I say? He's mighty smart, so he

thinks, but durn me if he's goin' ter come out ahead of Joe Scott! I don't wear no linen collar, neither do I sport a biled shirt like ther kid does, but blame me if I ain't a man. If I had cheated at cards, and swiped ther swag in the end, blamed if I would try ther baby act, and whine and snuffle over ther hull thing as he does! I'd take my medicine like a man, an' hev nothin' ter say about it."

"This boy shall have something to say," the fearless youth broke in, not caring whether he was killed the next moment or not, so long as he was in the right, "for he is innocent, and he shall speak! He at least has the right to do that. This may be your law to hang a man without giving him a chance to speak for himself, but it is not the law where I came from. I have never looked upon his face before to-night, and I may never see him again after I leave here, but I shall fight for him. The first man who seeks to harm him does so at his own peril! I am alone; I haven't a single friend in all the world to help me, but I am a firm believer in justice, and justice shall be done!"

It was indeed a daring speech, and not one in a thousand would have dared utter it. But Gordon Lillie did not know the meaning of the word fear, and he had made up his mind that come what would he would make an effort to save the young man, whom he believed to be innocent of the crime of which he was accused!

"Then let me tell yer, young feller, that yer sympathy is put in ther wrong place," the same coarse voice went on. "Fur as sure as ye are born, jest so sure is ther young feller guilty. I'm ther one as lost ther money. I'm ther one as war cheated by him, and I ought ter know if anyone does. Now, jest git out of our way is all we ask, and if yer don't, why we'll have a little settlement, you and me. And I take it thet ye are not the chap ter indulge in any sich nonsense. Now jest drop thet little gun of your'n, and we'll attend ter ther young feller, and git along all right without ye. The quicker ye git a move on ye ther better. Take my advice, fur I am older nor ye, and I knows my business, I does."

CHAPTER V.

DAUNTLESS DOLLIE.

The speaker, a big, rough-looking fellow, took a step toward the fearless boy, and the mob joined him, closing in around him like a lot of red-eyed, glaring wolves.

The white-faced prisoner's lips were mute, but there were no signs of fright upon Gordon Lillie's stern face.

"I reckon yer rather green ter interfere with us in this ere little game," the man nearest him said. "And yer might as well know thet Joe Scott is about ther worst man in ther town ter git down on yer. He ain't no slouch, and he'll be sure ter git even with yer afore mornin'. Stranger, take my advice, and git out right lively now."

"And leave this young man to be brutally murdered?" the boy asked, his eyes flashing like fire. "What do you take me for—a coward? Do you think I will leave him in a time like this? No, not if there were ten thousand of you! Why don't you act like men and give him a chance to prove himself innocent as I know he is. Shame upon you all! To take a boy's life—you, every one men, old enough to be his father! Shame upon the man who has basely accused him!"

It was a daring and perhaps unwise thing to do, but in his righteous indignation the boy did not stop to consider his own peril. Ever ready to defend the weak against the strong, he

could not, nay, he would not remain silent and see a fellow being murdered in cold blood. He little knew the kind of men he had to deal with, but that would not have mattered to him.

An angry roar greeted this outburst, and Joe Scott shook his fist in his face.

"Drop that gun, ye infernal young fool!" he yelled, his coarse face growing purple with anger. "Drop it before I fill ye full of holes! D'ye think Joe Scott's ther man ter stand any sich bluff from a kid? I think not. Now, I'll give ye jest five minutes ter drop that gun, and if ye don't I'll bet thet yer deader nor a door nail inside of five seconds."

"And I'll bet that he ain't, Joe Scott!" a clear, ringing voice suddenly called out. "I'll bet that neither you nor a man in the whole crowd lays a hand on him!"

And to the utter amazement of the boy, a young girl who could have been but little older than he was, darted through the crowd and took her place beside Gordon, a revolver in each hand.

"Now, come on," she said coolly. "Come on, Joe Scott, and we'll see who takes a trip to the next world the quickest. I give you fair warning that if you attempt to injure either one of these young men, I'll get you a leaden ticket for the through express, no stops on the way, no delay before starting, not even time to say a prayer."

Before those gleaming barrels the big bully did fall back, for he knew the girl too well to disobey her warning. In Wichita no person was better known than Dollie Clayton, "Dauntless Dollie," as she was called, for there was no man or woman braver than she. They used to say that she did not know the meaning of the word fear, and it was the truth. Brave, reckless, daring, woe to anyone who crossed her path or insulted her. She was a good girl, too, but her young life was well-nigh spoiled by her drunken old sot of a father, Sam Clayton, who lived for the purpose of seeing how much bad whisky he could drink when he found anyone who was willing to pay for it. He was ever ready to do a mean, underhanded trick, and Joe Scott, his favorite, hoped some day to win pretty Dollie for his wife. She, however, loathed him, as her attitude toward him proved.

She did indeed look pretty as she stood before Gordon, her black eyes shining like stars, her cheeks like twin roses. The broad-brimmed hat she wore was tilted rakishly back on her curly black hair, and the jaunty costume set off her superb form to good advantage.

"Now what does all this mean?" she demanded, still keeping the growling crowd well covered. "What dirty trick are you up to now, Joe Scott?"

"I ain't up to no trick, and it might be jest as well fur ye ter speak a bit civil, miss," he answered sullenly, glaring at her as if he would like to choke her. "Thet young cuss there with ther rope around his neck cheated me at cards ter-night, and then he up and stole ther swag. I——"

"You lie!"

Sharp, loud, and clear those two words burst from the rosy lips of the girl.

The crowd gasped. Could they believe their own ears? A girl talking in that strain to Joe Scott, when not a man in the town was ever known to cross him! Why, it was impossible!

The man himself gasped. Defied by a girl, and that girl the one he wanted to win for his own! Not that he was over and above fond of her, but he wanted to rule over her—to be her master.

"What's thet ye said?" he asked in a low, hoarse voice, his face growing as black as midnight. "What's thet? D'ye dare tell me I lie, ye hussy?"

Crack! a bullet sped past the bully's ear, cutting away a lock of hair. Beneath its coating of bronze his face turned pale, for

the girl's blazing eyes told him that she was in a desperate mood.

"Down on your knees, you hound, and take back that word, or the next bullet shall surely find its way straight through your cowardly heart! You know that I never miss aim, Joe Scott!" she cried, her voice trembling with rage. "Quick or you are a dead man! I'll give you just five minutes, and then if you have not begged my pardon I'll shoot you, so help me, if I hang for it the very hour after! You are the first man in Wichita who ever dared insult me, and you shall be the last!"

The desperate girl had an expression upon her face he dared not disregard, and he sank upon his knees before her, trembling as from a fit of ague. None of the rest dared interfere, for the barrel of one of the revolvers was pressed against his temple.

"I—I beg yer pardin, Dollie——" he began, but she cut him short.

"Miss Dollie," she interrupted, "and from this night out that is my name to you. Go on, I am waiting."

"I beg yer pardin, Miss Dollie," he mumbled, at the same time grinding his teeth in silent rage. "I'm sorry that I spoke ter ye in thet way, but ye made me so all-fired mad thet I could bite a nail in two. And I hope ye hain't goin' ter lay up nothin' agin me, fer I don't want ter——"

"That will do," she broke in shortly. "Get up, but remember that it pays better to be a gentleman—providing you know how—than a loafer."

The burly ruffian looked crestfallen enough when he rose to his feet and once more faced his companions. They did not like to look at him directly, for there were a number among them who were smiling. It was too ridiculous to see him conquered by a slip of a girl, but they dared not laugh, much as they would have liked to.

"Now, order that rope cut," was Dollie's next command. "And be quick about it, for I may get tired of waiting."

"But, Miss Dollie, ther kid cheated Joe at cards and then stole ther swag," another man said respectfully, not forgetting his comrade's recent experience with Miss Clayton. "And sich a feller ought ter git his swaller stretched a bit."

"Joe, order the rope cut at once," Dollie said in a very significant tone, "or it will be the worse for you. I'll guarantee that he will make no attempt to get away. If he does I'll shoot him on the spot. But he is going to have a fair and square chance for his life, or my name's not Dollie Clayton."

The rope about the neck of the unfortunate youth was cut, and standing between Dollie and Gordon he gazed with wondering, frightened eyes upon the crowd of rough, angry men held at bay by the revolvers in the hands of the brave boy and girl. He realized that he had been doomed but for the quick-witted girl who had come to his rescue just in time.

"Now, my friend, we are ready to hear your side of the story," she said, in a kind, encouraging voice, "and I for one know that you are innocent of the crime of which they accuse you. And, gentlemen," raising her voice, "please do not forget that these revolvers are self-cockers, therefore it will be rank madness to attempt any funny business here, when they are held in two pairs of strong hands. The time has come when lynch law has got to be stopped in Wichita, and every man given a fair show for his life. I am not a man, but I take the first step to-night to down it forever."

CHAPTER VI.

SAVED.

A moment of silence followed the daring girl's words, and then a mighty cheer rent the air—a cheer that arose from a

hundred throats that could remain silent no longer—men who believed in justice, though at the time their finer feelings had been blunted by the influence of their leader and the surroundings. But Dollie's fearless stand for the right awakened all the man within them, and they hesitated no longer.

"Hurrah for Dauntless Dollie!" they yelled, waving their hats wildly. "Hurrah for the bravest gal in Wichita! Three cheers for Dauntless Dollie!"

Again and again was the cry taken up and repeated. The girl blushed and smiled, a thrill of triumph shooting through her heart, for she was shrewd enough to see that their sympathy was with her, therefore, as a matter of course, it must in a short time be with the unfortunate boy who had been so near death.

After the cheering had somewhat subsided, she turned to him, saying:

"Go on with your story, my friend."

The youth looked at the sea of faces about him, and then he said in a clear, firm voice:

"The first thing I will say is that I am innocent. I swear it before all, and as I love and reverence the memory of my dear old mother. Listen. There is a lowly cottage, hundreds of miles from here, the humble home where I was born. In that cottage that dear mother kneels and prays for her wandering boy every night ere she seeks her couch to rest her weary frame. He is all she has to love in the wide world, all that is left her to comfort her in her old age. There were two of us, twin brothers, but one sleeps the eternal sleep underneath the shadow of the home-tree. It's only a step from the cottage to the old churchyard, but to her trembling, faltering footsteps it is a wearisome distance. Every night she goes there to weep beside the beloved dead; then she returns sadly home to pray for the living. When I left her a few months ago it was in the hope of bettering my fortune, so that I might be able to make her last days happy.

"Luck has, however, been against me, and to-night, growing desperate, I broke my promise to my mother, and did the very thing I had vowed I never would do—gambled! For once good luck favored me, and I honestly won every dollar I have in my possession! When there was a cry that someone snatched the money lying on the table, and then the lights went out, I was marched out here to be hung like a dog. I won the money from Joe Scott, but I did not cheat, neither did I steal a dollar. May I never look upon my dear old mother's face if I am not innocent," he added brokenly, raising his white face up toward the heavens above, while tears ran like rain down his white cheeks. "May I never meet her or my dead brother in a better world if I am not telling you the truth! You may hang me if you will, there is nothing to prevent, save these two loyal ones who risked their own life to save mine. But you will be committing a murder, as foul a murder as ever a midnight assassin could do. You are a hundred to one; it is the strong against the weak, and I am at your mercy."

He ceased speaking and stood with bowed head, the lights from the flickering street lamps shining upon his fair hair, turning it to a living, burning gold. A deep, unbroken silence reigned. Then suddenly he lifted his head.

"There was a man close at Joe Scott's side," he went on eagerly. "A shabby, sinister-looking fellow, who watched every move I made, and he might know——"

"It was my father!"

That sharp, agonizing whisper came from the lips of the girl who had saved him. She had grown deathly white, and her dark, pleading eyes sought his appealingly. Like a flash he understood and he hastened to add:

"He might know who the real thief is, for he watched every move that was made. If he could be found now he might be of some use."

He was sure that Joe Scott had slipped the money to the shabby man when the lights were put out, and it was also he who started the cry that the youth was cheating at cards, simply out of revenge, because he had been fortunate enough to win at the game. And now, to learn that he was the father of this divine young creature. But for her sake he resolved to be silent.

She flashed him a grateful glance and before he could say anything Joe Scott said, with an evil leer:

"Thet man ye hev jest described, stranger, is ther daddy of ther young lady thet is so all-fired interested in yer."

"He ought to be proud of his daughter," was the calm reply.

"I 'low ter let ther youngster go free," a big miner said, stepping up to the front, "fur, durn my hide, I don't believe him any more guilty nor I be, and thet ain't at all. He's young; he's got an old mother thet he's got ter take keer of, and he's been in mighty hard luck ever since he's left his home. Now, I'm a-goin' ter start up a collection fur him, and any man who ain't a durned hog will chip right in too. I hed a mother once, and durn my boots, if she hed lived I wouldn't hev been the big, wuthless cuss thet I am ter-night. Thar," taking off his hat and pouring a number of gold pieces into it. "Thar now, some of ye galoots better do thet and ther young tenderfoot will go home flush."

It was strange how the feelings of all had changed toward the young man. A few moments before and they were ready to hang him. Now they were giving him money.

The tears of gratitude ran down his cheeks, and he was so overcome that he could hardly thank them. Dollie and Gordon led him away.

"I will take you with me to my room for the night," Gordon said. "For you will be safer there, and in the morning return to your mother, for she needs you. You will not be able to keep her with you long, and you can make her life happy. What is your name?"

"Harry Reynolds," he answered. "And may I ask yours?"

"My name is Gordon Lillie," our hero replied, "and we both know who this heroic young lady is."

"Yes, God bless her, but she is in reality an angel," the other responded fervently, raising her hand to his lips and covering it with kisses. "How shall I ever thank you?"

"By going home to your mother and staying with her until she is laid to rest beside your brother," she said, very softly, a strange, tender light in her dark eyes. "Then when the last tie that binds you to the old home is broken, you can once more return to the world you long to see."

"I will obey you," he whispered, "and to this place I shall first turn, because you are here. May I hope to see you some time and tell you all that is in my heart for you."

She looked at him a moment in silence, then her cheeks glowed like a damask rose.

"Why not tell me now?" she asked, with a smile. "For Wichita is a long, long ways from where you will go."

Gordon suddenly discovered that there was some interesting object he wished to see a little ways off, and whistling to himself he strolled away, leaving the couple standing alone.

The young man took the brave girl's hands within his own, but she quickly withdrew them while her bright face clouded.

"No, you need not tell me now, you must not," she said, in a sharp, pained voice. "For I do not want to hear. There are reasons why I will not listen. Good-by, and bless you. Go home to your mother, and forget that such a girl as Dollie Clayton ever crossed your path. It is better so."

The next moment she had disappeared, leaving the astonished youth standing in the night alone. He stared blankly after her, but he could not know the pain that racked her proud heart. Little did he dream either of how their lives were to be

twined and blended together in the near future. Not all joy, to be sure, say more of sorrow, but precious for all that.

He went to Gordon Lillie's room, for he knew he would be safer there. And while they discussed his return home on the morrow, Dauntless Dollie knelt weeping in her rude cabin home realizing that happiness never could be hers.

She was too proud to accept the hand of one like Harry Reynolds, for her father's career was a stain upon her she could never hope to wipe away, she said, and he was the cause of the young man's trouble that night. She knew it, for she had seen him hovering in the crowd like an evil shadow. Later on, when he came home, she would have to suffer for it. Alas, poor, brave Dollie!

CHAPTER VII.

A PLOT TO RUIN OUR HERO.

While our hero and Harry Reynolds were safely in the plain, yet comfortable room where Gordon had stopped since his arrival in Wichita, and poor Dollie knelt sobbing out her sorrows, beneath the humble roof she called home, there was a vile and wicked plot afoot to ruin him and the youth his courage, together with that of the brave girl, had saved from a terrible death. Little they dreamed of the villainous scheme being laid to entrap them—a scheme which meant dishonor, aye, death.

An hour after Dollie had crept up to her miserable little bed under the eaves, her father, drunk and brutal, came staggering along toward the cabin, singing and muttering to himself in maudlin glee. Stumbling over the threshold he fell into a chair beside the rough table, and pulling a big black bottle out of his pocket, he put it to his lips.

"I wonder if thet hussy is here yet," he muttered, thickly, setting the bottle again upon the table, but with considerable less liquor than was in it before. "If I thought she was I'd call her downstairs and break every bone in her body. Curse her, anyway, what business hed she ter stick her nose inter something thet didn't consarn her. She was always a sneakin' hussy, anyway, with her head away up in the air as if she was better'n anybody else, and blast her hide, I'll take it out of her, or my name hain't Sam Clayton. She might jest as well git it ter-night as any other time, fur I feel like givin' her a durned good lickin'. I ain't hit her in a long time, and ther hussy's got so she thinks she's ther boss. Blast her, I'll show her."

He got upon his feet with an effort, and staggered clumsily toward the rude ladder that led to the loft above. He could hardly stand, but he was able to take down from the wall the big strap that hung just below the ladder.

"Here, Doll, I want ye!" he shouted. "D'ye hear me, ye hussy? I tell ye ter git down here, and be mighty quick about it, too. Are ye comin'?"

No sound. His only reply was the faint, faraway sound of the voices of the merry cowboys, who were at that hour turning Wichita into a perfect bedlam with their songs and laughter. The monotony of the occasion was every now and then broken by the sharp crack of a pistol shot, but to them it was an every-day occurrence, and if a man bit the dust it was all the same.

The man, under the influence of the vile, rank poison that filled his veins with liquid fire, believed the girl was above and was openly defying him; yet why should he when she had never done such a thing before in all her life? But he was in no condition to stop and reason clearly. A sudden rage

possessed him, and pounding the ladder until his hands were bruised, he yelled hoarsely:

"Are ye comin' down, ye hussy? Are ye goin' ter pay any heed ter what I've got ter say ter yer? or be yer goin' ter stay up thar and sulk all night? Curse ye, but ye can't work thet game on me! Yer like yer mother—a high-strung piece thet's above everything else upon earth. Come down, ye hussy, or I'll come and fetch ye down!"

Still no answer, and as he swayed unsteadily to and fro, it seemed ridiculous to think of anyone in his condition ascending the ladder. It was all he could do to stand upon his feet, let alone his talk of going above. But he did not appear to mind it.

"Sulk away," he muttered, "and keep it up, but when ye do come down it'll be the worst fur ye. I ain't the one to let this go by, I kin tell ye. So ye won't listen ter me? Waal, keep it up in yer own way, and we'll see who'll come out ahead. Yer ole dad ain't the one ter let this slide by. Ther durned ole strap will keep, and ther longer yer stay away ther wuss it'll be fur ye."

Mumbling to himself, he staggered back to the table, and another deep draught of the fiery stuff soon dimmed what reason he had left.

Then his head dropped forward, and mumbling and muttering, he sank into a drunken slumber, the candlelight falling in flickering shadows across his bloated face.

How long he slept he did not know, but he was aroused by feeling a heavy hand laid lightly upon his shoulder, and the next moment a heavy voice exclaimed:

"I say, ole man, what are ye doin' here asleep? Wake up and let a feller know what's goin' on, can't yer? I ain't no slouch, but I ain't a swell, and I want ter know what ther gal hes agin me. She's showed ther white feather fur thet first time, and I'm so mighty sick of it thet I'm gittin' tired. She's either got ter shake thet feller thet she saved from hangin', or else I'll give her ther go by—see?"

Drunk as he was, Sam Clayton recognized the voice of his friend Joe Scott, and he raised his head long enough to say:

"What d'ye want here, anyway, Joe? I didn't hear ye enter, and I'll never stand being waked up in sich a way. I'm durned tired, I am, and I'm mighty sure thet unless ye hev got something important ter say I hain't no time ter listen ter ye. Now out with it."

"Ye're about as drunk, Sam, as anybody I ever seed," the big bully answered with a coarse laugh, "and I can't fur ther life of me understand why it is that yer will git full in a time like this. Ye know thar is business ahead of us, and we've got ter work like cusses when we git our hand in. And here yer are so drunk ye kin hardly lift yer head. Now, what d'ye mean, anyway?"

"Be thet ye, Joe?" the drunken man asked in a thick voice, raising his head while a grim smile lingered about his lips. "Why can't ye wake a man up without spoiling his sleep and scaring him half to death? Ye're a mighty smart one, ye are, and I hain't no use fur sich as ye. Come now, git up, and see what ye kin do. Are ye goin' ter stay here all night, anyway?"

"You fool, you are drunk again," Joe Scott muttered with an oath, "and there's no use in trying to git around it. I kin see as well as the next one, and the quicker ye git over this ther better. Whar's Dollie? I don't see her about here now."

"She ain't in," Sam Clayton replied, sullenly, "and I hev yelled till I'm black in the face. But it didn't do no good. If she war up there I know she would answer me, but she ain't. She ain't thar, if she was she would answer me, for she's afraid of her ole daddy. I ain't so very much of a man, but I ain't so bad but what she's afraid ter try and fool me, and—"

"She's with that baby-faced puppy she saved from being hanged ter-night," he answered with a growl, "and if I lay

my hands on him I'll kill him as sure as my name is Joe Scott. I ain't a good man, you know that, Sam, but I love thet gal of yours and I'm goin' ter hev her, come what may. I swar it!"

"And ye hev my best wishes, Joe, indeed ye hev," Sam Clayton answered with a leer. "Fur I don't know of anyone I would rather hev fur a son-in-law than ye, and I know ther gal likes ye."

"Ye lie, Sam Clayton, and ye know it!" Joe Scott responded hotly. "She don't care fur me, she never will, and it's only talk of yours thet's making things go along. But I'll make her care fur me in time, and if she don't she'll be the loser, not I. Now, listen ter me: I hev a plan ter lay afore ye."

Bending low his head, he whispered a few words in Sam Clayton's ears. They were only a few, and yet they were enough to set his nerves a-tingle, for it was a plot to ruin our hero, body and soul—a plot deep and dark enough for a fiend to plan!

CHAPTER VIII.

WARNED BY DAUNTLESS DOLLIE.

Forgetting all caution, the two plotters raised their voices, and Dollie listening above could not fail to catch every word. They did not dream that she was there, so they had no fear. The girl's blood ran cold with horror as she heard the fiendish plot.

"Ye know Long Jack hes got a heap of ther stuff with him ter-night, Sam," Joe Scott went on, in a voice that the listening girl could hear very plainly, "and this is ther way I'm a-goin' ter fix it. He's putty full, is Jack ter-night, and he's been blowin' all ther boys off in great style. Everybody in Wichita is on ter the fact thet Jack won it playin', and this is what we'll do. I'll find Jack, and git him ter take a few more drinks, then when he's so durned full thet he can't navigate, I'll make out thet I'm a-takin him ter his room, and when I git him in a dark corner I'll knife him! Then——"

"Great Cæsar!" gasped Sam Clayton, who, bad as he was and utterly degraded, was not prepared for such cold-blooded murder. "Great Cæsar, Joe! Ye—ye can't mean thet yer a-goin' ter kill Jack out and out. I——"

"Shut up, yer fool, yer a-showin' ther white feather already," Joe Scott growled savagely, shaking the trembling man roughly by the arm. "D'ye want ter let ther hull town hear ye? Ye never did know anything, anyhow, Sam Clayton, arter ye hed put a few glasses of bad whisky inside yer jacket. Now, be ye ready ter go in with me, or be ye a-goin' ter sneak out of it like a cur? Answer me, quick, or I'll fix ye so ye won't tell on me, so help me Cæsar!"

There was an ugly glare in the big desperado's snake-like eyes, and the cowardly man who was so completely in his power knew well that his own life would not be safe. Much as he loved drink and gold, he shrank from such a deed of horror,

but his own life was far more precious to him than that of the boy against whom they were plotting.

"Of course I'm with ye, Joe," he answered, somewhat quaveringly, at the same time avoiding his companion's eyes. "So ye needn't hev no fear, old man. It sorter made me feel a bit queer fur a minute, fur ye and Jack hev always been sort of pards, ye know, and thet knocked me out. But I'm with ye; good gracious, of course I am!"

"I thought ye would come to yer senses arter awhile," Joe Scott said, in a deep, significant voice, fingering his bowie knife purposely, to impress upon the other's weak mind the necessity of obeying him, "fur ye've knowed me long 'nough by this time, Sam, ter understand thet I mean jest what I say. As fur Jack's bein' a pard of mine, thet don't count. Ther kid is in my way, and it's only through Jack thet I kin git rid of him. Me and Jack ain't ther same pards as we used ter be, fur Jack's a bit inclined ter play ther good boy racket, and I hain't got no use fur sich a man. But here, we've wasted a mighty lot of time a-talkin' 'bout nothin', and time is money in this here case. I simply want ter tell ye, Sam, thet ye hadn't better try ter play any tricks on me, thet's all."

"Play tricks on ye, Joe," the blear-eyed sot echoed, with the sound of maudlin tears of terror and forced sentiment in his thick, husky voice. "Waal, ole man, yer off thar, fur hain't ye goin' ter be my own son-in-law? Hain't ye and Dolly goin' ter git spliced afore long? And then ye ask yer old daddy-in-law if he's goin' ter go back on ye. I reckon not. Put her thar, my boy," holding out one trembling, dirty hand. "Fur yer a son arter my own heart, and ther gal couldn't do better."

"I reckon not," the big bully replied proudly, drawing his burly form up to its fullest height. "Yer putty drunk, Sam, but I'm durned if ye hain't got jest 'bout as much common sense as anybody in these here diggin's. But now ter business. Yer sure yer ain't goin' ter flunk?"

"Naray a flunk, Joe. I'll stand by yer, and if we hev ter swing, we'll swing together, or——"

"Hush, ye fool! Why in thunder will ye insist on lettin' thet tongue o' your'n run like a shuttle?" Joe Scott interrupted, angrily. "Ye are a fool, Sam Clayton, and if ye don't shut up I'll knife you on the spot! I could swar thet I heerd somebody movin' 'bout in ther loft, and I'm goin' ter climb up and see fur myself."

With those words he ascended the ladder. He did not go clear up, for he could see plainly from where he was standing, and there was no one in sight. Dollie had rolled under the rude bunk the moment she heard his declaration, and she lay there breathless, her heart throbbing hot and thick. But, ah! what a feeling of relief it was when she heard him call out:

"Thar's nary a soul here, Sam. It must have been a mouse or rat runnin' across ther floor. I didn't know but what it was Dollie hidin' up thar, and she'd sneak off and warn thet feller even if she knew we'd hev ter swing, fur she's thet kind. Curse her anyway—and yet, durn her, I can't help wantin' her. Think of it, Sam, makin' me, Joe Scott, git down on my knees afore ther hull crowd ter-night and beg her pardon! But I'll make her sorry when I git her, ye kin bet yer life on thet!"

"And sarve her good and right, Joe," Sam Clayton responded

with a leer. "Fur she's too mighty good fur these ere diggin's, so she thinks. Give it to her good, Joe, when yer git her. She's like a balky horse. It don't do to pamper them; ye want ter lick the cussedness out of 'em."

"Don't ye worry but what I'll tame her," the scoundrel chuckled. "And now ter business. Ye sneak around and find ther room where ther two kids are stoppin', and tell them thet ye are Dollie's father, and thet she's broke her arm, and wants ter see 'em both. Make believe yer a-takin' 'em to the cabin, and they'll never know ther difference, fur they've never seen it. Sorter make out that ye feel putty bad, Sam. Sniffle and cry a bit. Then when ye pass ther dark corner whar Jack and I are, Jack'll be knifed, of course, but I'll be out of sight. They'll stumble over him, and jest then I'll pop out and yell murder. In less than two minutes thar'll be a crowd of ther boys 'round ther spot, and I'll slip ye ther money I took out of Jack's pocket, and ye run and hide ther roll under ther mattress in ther kids' room. D'ye see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see, and I'll do it, Joe," Clayton replied. "But ye mustn't make no mistake this time."

"Let me alone fur thet," was the impatient retort. "But come along, thar's no time ter lose."

The two worthies had barely left the cabin when Dollie crept cautiously down the ladder, her face whiter than marble, her eyes glittering like twin stars.

"I must save them," she muttered nervously. "I must save the two brave youths, for if Joe Scott's evil plot works, and it is carried out as he wants it, no power upon earth can save them from being lynched under my very eyes. The money will be found in their room, and even if my word, that I had overheard the whole scheme, should be believed, which I very much doubt, I would have to condemn my own father. My lips must be sealed, for, bad as he is, he is my father, and while I have no love for him within my heart, I cannot send him to his death. But I must do my duty."

Like a shadow she flitted through the moonlight, in the direction of the rude two story hotel where Gordon and Harry Reynolds were. At first she thought to call them downstairs, then she decided that it would be better for her to go to them, for her father or Joe Scott might be lurking nigh, and so she bravely asked the number of their room, her cheeks burning hotly.

In response to his "Come in," the door opened, and to Gordon Lillie's amazement, in walked Dollie Clayton. He sprang to his feet, but she motioned for him to be silent.

CHAPTER IX.

DISCOVERED.

side, his hands outstretched, his lips wreathed in a smile.

"Miss Clayton, is it really you?" he began. "I am——"

"Hush," she said, in a low voice, "and pardon my coming here, but it was best so. You are in danger; there is a plot afloat to ruin you both, aye, to bring you to the gallows—that is," she added, with a half sad smile, "what we here in Wichita call a gallows, for a lamp-post or a tree serves as well. I have come to warn you. Now, listen to me. Under no consideration must you leave your room this night, and after I am gone, admit no one. No matter who knocks at this door, do not open it, and have your revolvers all ready to defend yourselves, for, believe me, you will need them. You had better not go to bed at all to-night, if you can possibly remain up. If one sleeps the other should watch. Now, I will go."

"One moment, Miss Clayton," Harry Reynolds exclaimed, springing after her, and laying his hand upon her arm. "Please do not leave in such haste. Will you sit down for just a few moments and explain to us a little? Ah, how brave and good you are to come here and warn us."

She smiled, but her lips quivered at his words. She shook her head.

"No, I will go home, for if I am found here or missed, my father's rage will be something awful. I dare not, but for your own sake obey me and be careful."

"It is that cowardly loafer, Joe Scott, who is at the bottom of this, and——" Harry Reynolds exclaimed impulsively, speaking before he thought.

She looked into his eyes, and a sudden, sharp pang pierced his heart, as he saw the quiver of pain that swept over her face. He would have given worlds if he had not spoken thus.

"My father."

Very low and calm the two words fell from her lips, but their very quietness told how she suffered. He could have cut his tongue out for speaking as he did.

"Forgive me, Miss Clayton," he said, very softly. "I would not hurt your feelings for anything in the wide world. I spoke before I thought."

"It is only the truth," she said, in a brave manner. "And the truth, no matter how bitter, cannot be avoided. It is of no use in seeking to get away from it. No one knows my father better than I; no one knows his weakness and other faults better, and yet what can I do? When my mother died," with a smothered sob, "I promised her on her death bed that I would always care for him and look after him. I was only a child then, but I had seen so much sorrow and pain that I was old for my years. I have kept that promise to my mother, but no one knows what I have endured; what I have gone through with him. Sometimes it seems as if I could bear it no longer, and I say I will run away. Then," the tears falling like rain over her cheeks, "that pale, sweet face arises before me, as I last saw it, lying among the pillows like a lily, and I cannot do it. Ah, if my mother had lived, how different my life would have been. But, there, I am forgetting myself. Forgive me for boring you with my secret sorrows. It is not often I speak of them to strangers. I mentioned my father, because I knew you would not be long in Wichita without find-

Both boys stared at her wonderingly, too surprised for a moment to speak, and then Harry Reynolds hastened to her

ing out about him, and I did not wish you to think I was anything like him."

She turned away to leave them but, with her hand upon the latch, Harry Reynolds once more stopped her.

"Please do not say that, Miss Clayton," he pleaded. "And let me tell you how much I admire and honor you before you go. You are the bravest, noblest girl I ever knew, and I admire and respect you for caring for your father's comfort, even though he be so unworthy of it. You will surely get your reward."

"I want no reward," she answered, simply, her dark eyes growing soft and dim. "All I ask is that I am not misjudged. But, ah, if my home life could be different. If I only had a father and friends like other girls! No wonder that I ride away on my pony and remain all day long. Nature and a good dumb friend are preferable to my surroundings."

A sudden thought flashed through Harry Reynolds' brain, and his fair, handsome face lit up with joy at the mere idea.

"Miss Clayton, Dollie," he said, eagerly taking her hand within his own as he talked. "Why not go home with me? Why not let me be your friend, your brother? It is no place for you here in the midst of rough men who do not know how to respect a pure, good woman. My mother is refined and gentle, she would welcome you as a dear daughter, I know she would, and we could be so happy there. You would never be lonely again; we could be happy and free as the day is long. You are so lonely, so neglected here. Will you not go?"

She caught her breath with a half gasp of pain. The picture that arose before her was certainly very tempting, and she did long for refined companionship, and a motherly woman into whose ears she could pour her sorrows and cares. In spite of her rude surroundings and wild life, the coarseness and roughness about her was utterly distasteful to her, and she felt as if she could not bear it. Then the face of her dead mother came between her and the bright picture that had suddenly appeared before her eyes and she turned away.

"You are very kind, Mr. Reynolds, very kind, indeed," she answered in a trembling voice, but with a coldness he could not fail to note. "But I cannot accept your offer. Independence and Dollie Clayton belong to each other, and it will be many a long day ere they separate. Still, I appreciate your good heart none the less. I gave my sacred promise to my dying mother, that I would always care for my father, no matter how low he sank, and I must keep that promise, else how can I ever meet her in another world and look into her dear eyes? I believe there is another life beyond this, Mr. Reynolds, for Heaven knows this is bitter and sad enough, and I hope some day to meet my mother again. I shall stay with my father, and try to make a man of him, although I believe the task to be a hopeless one. Of course, if he attempts to kill me, as he is likely to do," with a sad smile, "I shall leave him, but not until then. I thank you for your kind offer, and for the last time before I go, I implore you to heed my warning. Good-night."

Before he could stop her she had opened the door and disappeared. The two young men stood looking into each other's faces in silence; then Gordon spoke.

"She is the bravest, noblest girl I ever saw," he said slowly. "But what a life she leads with her wretched father and that scoundrel, Joe Scott, who is determined to have her for his wife."

"I would rather a hundred times over see her dead than married to that wretch," Harry Reynolds exclaimed passionately. "Poor girl! So young—so fair—so good!"

And Dollie, with a keen, sharp pain at her heart, went on her way, her eyes blinded with bitter tears.

She left the hotel, and was walking swiftly in the direction of her humble home, when a hand seized her roughly by the arm, while a voice hissed in her ear:

"So I hev caught ye at it, ye hussy? Ye went and warned them two baby-faced kids agin yer own father an' ther man ye're goin' ter marry? Ye always 'were a whinin' sneak, jest like yer mother, but ye'll pay dear fur this, or my name ain't Sam Clayton! I've hed my own ideas 'bout ye fur some time. Now I know, and ye'll larn what it means ter interfere with me."

It was her father who held her arm in that vise-like grip, and his bloated face so close to hers looked hideous in its anger, while his bloodshot eyes glared tigerishly into her terrified ones.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT FROM HOME.

For a moment Dollie stared at the speaker, not knowing what to say; so completely was she taken by surprise, that she did not know hardly what it meant. Her heart gave a great leap of terror, for she had never before seen that expression upon her father's face. There was something absolutely fiendish in the glare of his bloodshot eyes, and the look upon his face was wolfish.

"Ye needn't look at me in thet way, ye hussy," he grated between his set teeth. "Fur I've caught ye in ther very act, and all ther lies in ther world can't save yer. So ye'll peach on yer ole daddy, will yer? Come 'long, and we'll settle with yer mighty sudden."

Those cruel fingers tightened about her arm until she cried out in sudden pain. She was bold as a lion in the time of danger where others were concerned, but she was only a girl after all, and her tender flesh was bruised by the merciless fingers closed about her arm.

"Father, let go my arm; you hurt me," she cried out in a voice of pain.

"Hurt ye!" he repeated, with a brutal laugh. "It ain't half so much as I'll hurt ye, once I git ye home. I'll larn ye ter peach on yer daddy. Ye ain't so mighty big nor old but what I kin boss yer yit. Come 'long, and don't make no fuss either."

He dragged the unfortunate girl along with him, and she made no outcry. In the first place she was too stunned and bewildered to do so, and in the next, she was far too proud.

What she, Dollie Clayton, known as Dauntless Dollie throughout the whole country, allow any living soul to see her being dragged away to her rude home by her wretched, drunken father? No! A thousand times no! She would rather die.

In silence she walked beside him to her cabin home, and even though his fingers left great black and blue marks upon her fair, round arm, she would not complain. But there was a dangerous light in her dark eyes, and her young face had never worn the expression it did that night. Sam Clayton did not know the nature he had to deal with.

When they reached the cabin he led her inside, then locking the door, turned suddenly and faced her.

"So ye went ter ther hotel and told them two young fellers thet there was a plot on foot, and warned 'em ter look out fur me and Joe?" he asked in an ugly tone of voice. "Tell me ther truth, or I'll murder ye whar ye stand, I swar it."

"Have I ever told you anything but the truth?" she asked him very quietly. "Tell me, when did I ever tell you a falsehood?"

"Thet hain't ther question," he roared. "I want ter know if ye went ter ther hotel and told them two tenderfeet thet thar was danger in ther air. Are ye goin' ter answer me? I saw ye comin' out of thar, so ye needn't try ter dodge ther question."

"Since you saw me coming out of the hotel, what other reason did you suppose I went there for?" she asked, calmly, not at all frightened at his threatening attitude and upraised fist. "You surely do not believe I went to a hotel at this time of night for pleasure, do you?"

"Are ye trying ter poke fun at me, ye hussy?" he growled, coming closer to her. "Do ye forgit thet I'm yer father?"

He was so close to her that she could feel his breath, heavy with the fumes of vile liquor, fan her brow. Her face grew still whiter, but the light in her eyes grew brighter.

"No," she answered, in a low, even voice, "I do not forget that you are my father; I cannot, for I have reason to remember it to-night more than ever. Yes, I did go to the hotel and warn the two young men that they were in danger, and I have made no attempt to deny it. I do not want to, for I am glad I did go."

"What did ye go fur, ye hussy?" he grated between his teeth, raising his hand on high as if to strike her to the ground at his feet. "How dared ye go and warn them agin yer own father? How dared ye, I say, how dared ye?"

"I went to save them," she answered, looking him full in the eyes. "I did not want two innocent lives sacrificed, and I would not let them be when it was in my hands to save them, and—I wanted to save you from being a murderer—I did not want to see my own father hanged, and it would either be that, or else the innocent would have to suffer for the deed of the guilty."

"Ye hussy, what d'ye mean?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I mean that you and Joe Scott had laid a scheme to ruin the two young men at the hotel," she replied, steadily, never flinching for an instant. "And I determined to save them. You were to entice them out, saying that I had broken my arm, and wanted to see them. Joe Scott was to murder his friend

in cold blood, and lay it to them! I saved them from being lynched, providing your plan did not fail, and I saved you, father, from a horrible crime. Instead of heaping abuse upon my head, you should thank me."

"Thank ye," he echoed with a coarse, brutal laugh. "Thank ye, ye hussy. What fur? Fur takin' good money out of my pocket? Curse ye, what d'ye think I'm goin' ter live on, anyway? How d'ye expect I'm goin' ter live? Ye don't keer, thet's about it. But I'll show ye, curse ye. So ye listened, and heerd all I said, did ye?"

"Yes, I know all you said," she answered. "I know it all, and——"

She was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a heavy footstep upon the threshold, and wheeling suddenly she saw Joe Scott in the doorway, glaring at her like a savage beast.

"So it's true after all?" he asked, in a hissing sort of voice. "The gal did overhear us, and peach on us. Curse her, anyway. I didn't think that of her. I never believed she would be so mean. I thought she had a bit of honor when she didn't. Ter peach on her father and——"

"I'll larn her," Sam Clayton said, with a wolfish bark. "I'll larn her!" and before Dollie realized what he was about he had taken a long whip from the peg on the wall where it hung, and brought the lash sharply about her shoulders.

"I'll larn ye ter watch and sneak, ye hussy," he muttered, thickly. "I'll larn ye who is master here, ye or me."

That first blow was the last. Like a flash the girl whipped out her trusty revolvers, and pointing them at her father, said sternly:

"Put that whip back where it belongs! I have borne your abuse for the last time, and as heaven is my witness, if you don't obey me, I will send a bullet through your heart, even though you were my father a thousand times over! I mean what I say, for I am desperate! I will give you just five minutes in which to obey me, and then you must take the consequences if you refuse. You are not dealing with a girl, but a woman whose every sense of respect has been outraged."

Sam Clayton shrank from the light in the girl's eyes, and as he slunk away and allowed her to go to her rude chamber unmolested, Joe Scott clutched his arm.

"For mercy's sake let her go, for as sure as there is a power above us she'll shoot if you interfere with her," he whispered, and he was right, for the girl was desperate.

She would have shot them down had they interfered with her, so they wisely left her alone.

They did not see her when two hours later she crept down the rude ladder and stole softly forth from the roof that had sheltered her for so long.

One long, last look she cast upon her home, then she turned her back upon it forever.

CHAPTER XI.

OFF FOR THE FRONTIER.

Neither Gordon nor Harry Reynolds saw the brave girl again while they were in Wichita. They did not know that she had

left her home forever, for early the next morning Harry left for his old home, while Gordon was to go that same night.

"I wonder if we shall ever meet again?" the boy said earnestly, his bright, brown eyes fastened upon his companion's face. "It is very strange, our meeting, and I hope the next will be under far more favorable circumstances."

"I hope so, too," Harry Reynolds answered, looking into his face as he spoke. "And but for you I shudder to think where I would have been. I do not forget that it was you who saved my life, Gordon, and I shall never cease to thank you. I do not know how I shall ever repay you."

"Nonsense," Gordon laughed, though at the same time he was deeply affected, for he had grown very fond of the youth during the short time he had known him. "It was not Gordon Lillie who saved your life, but Dauntless Dollie. I confess I was growing a bit nervous when she came to the rescue, and I honestly believe that had it not been for her, I would have been only a damage to you. She changed the sentiment of the mob, not I, and so, Harry, old boy, you must thank her and not me."

"I shall always bless you both," the young man responded fervently, clasping Gordon's hand still closer, "and my only regret is that I must now part from you. I also wish I could see Miss Clayton again."

"Never mind, we shall meet again," Gordon answered cheerfully, little dreaming under what circumstances they would meet again. "And if fortune is good to us we will be able to look back and laugh at our adventures in Wichita. Well, old boy, here is your train. Good-by, and good luck to you. Your dear mother will rejoice when she sees your face once again. Ah, how happy she will be! I know we shall see each other some day."

The train was already puffing away impatiently at the station, like a huge iron monster, and with one last handclasp, the two friends who had met so strangely, parted. A mist dimmed Gordon Lillie's soft-brown eyes, for during the short space of time he had known Harry Reynolds, he had become deeply attached to him. The last he saw of him he stood on the platform waving his hand to him. Then the train rounded a curve, and he was lost to view.

Gordon stood for a moment, lost in deep thought, but it was only for a moment, then looking about him, he said briskly:

"Now, for my own future. He is safe, for which I am doubly thankful, and in a few days he will be with his mother. I am free to go my way. To-day I start for the frontier, where I have always longed to go, and I must lose no more time. I have had about all I want of the town of Wichita."

So saying, he retraced his footsteps toward the hotel. He would have liked very much to see Dollie Clayton before he left, but he believed it was wiser not to attempt it. It would be better for her, since he knew the kind of man her father was, he said to himself. Some day he would see her again.

He had already been in Wichita ten days, and he was anxious to get away. He lost no time in packing up his few personal effects, and making all arrangements to leave that same night.

The town was as lively as it had been at any time during the ten days since he first landed there. The merry, careless cow-

boys were turning day into night, and night into day with their singing and drinking. Gordon was not sorry to get away, for his sojourn there had been anything but pleasant.

No one saw him when he slipped quietly from the hotel and walked rapidly away from the lights and tumult. He started for the Indian Territory, which lays one hundred and sixty miles south of Wichita. It being the terminus of the railroad, he was obliged to make the journey on foot.

It was no small undertaking for a boy of sixteen, but our hero, nothing daunted, started out with his spirits light and gay. There was nothing that he feared. He was bound to make a name for himself, and it would take more than one serious obstacle to turn him from the course that he had mapped out for himself.

All night long he trudged cheerfully forward, feeling neither weariness nor the want of sleep, and when the morning dawned he was a good many miles from Wichita. When the sun was high in the heavens he stopped long enough to snatch an hour's rest and eat the lunch with which he had been thoughtful enough to provide himself before starting upon the wearisome journey.

"It's a long ways off yet," he muttered, "but I must not give up. Nothing in this world was ever accomplished without trouble and hard work, and I am not the chap to shirk either. So here goes!"

He struck out again, but unknowingly, and not being familiar with the lay of the country, he took the bottom trail instead of the divide trail. It being the time of the year when the great Kansas river overflows her bottom, he was forced to wade mile after mile through water ranging from knee to hip deep. Sometimes it almost reached his neck, but the brave youth would not turn back.

"There's a great many worse things in this world than cold water," he said to himself, with a grim smile. "And if I have to wade through seas of water instead of rivers, I'll accomplish my object. There's no turning back about me. Once I make up my mind to do a thing I would like to find anyone who can stop me. But this water is pretty cold, and I'm blessed if I like the idea of standing up all night long with it reaching up to my waist. I can't for the life of me see how I'm going to get any sleep. I am not a duck, and if I stay here much longer I'll catch my death of cold."

Setting his teeth he splashed forward, longing to once more reach dry ground. It was not so very pleasant as he had imagined, this being up to the waist in icy water all the time, and in spite of his strength and physical endurance, he was chilled through and through.

"I almost wish I was safe at home in a good warm bed," he muttered, with chattering teeth, "and one of mother's good hot suppers would taste powerful good. But there's no use in crying over spilt milk, and just because I'm cold and hungry doing the baby act. No, I came here to get a start in life, and I'll stick to it if I die in my tracks. This certainly cannot last much longer. It will have to end some time, and then I shall be all right."

So on and on he went. The night fell over the world, and still he waded through the chill waters of the mighty river

whose strength and force defied all human aid or power. He would not give up, for he was a determined lad, and once he made up his mind to do a thing no one could change him.

Gradually the icy waters grew shallower, and with hope springing up anew within his breast, he believed he would soon reach dry land. Then his eyes caught the cheerful beams of a campfire on a rise of ground, and he halted. Was it friend or foe, he asked himself. Was it a hunting party of his own race, or was it a band of hostile Indians? If so, then how much better off was he?

Cautiously he crept closer, and the odor of roasting meat was borne to his nostrils. He was very hungry, and he resolved to run the risk at any rate. He would not be seen, and if they were white men, all well and good. If savages, then he would resume his journey unseen. So he crawled cautiously up the bank and crept nearer the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

TRAPPER TOM.

At first he could not make out whether it was a camp of Indians or white men, for his eyes were dazzled by the bright firelight, but as soon as he became accustomed to the dancing rays he saw it was a party of white men grouped about the fire.

A huge roast was sizzling over the glowing coals, sending forth an odor that would have tempted a king, and the smell of coffee was the sweetest perfume he had ever smelled in his life. He had fasted nearly all day, and the pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt.

"Here goes!" he said, rising to his feet, "and whether they are friends or foes, I'm bound to have a taste of that venison and coffee. That's all I can think of now, for I'm hungry enough to eat a whole ox raw. They can't do more than kill me, anyway, and if I die I shall have no need to eat."

He walked boldly toward the fire, once his mind was made up, and he gave not the slightest sign of fear. A dozen rifles covered him as he came into sight, but he was very calm, boy though he was.

"Hold on," he said, in a clear, ringing voice, holding up both hands, "I am not an Indian nor a renegade, and you do not think that one man can run away with the camp, do you? I am just about as hungry as any boy in the world to-night, and I have invited myself to have a few slices of that venison cooking there along with a cup of coffee. It smells mighty good, I can tell you."

There was a moment of silence, while the men grouped about the fire stared into each other's faces in astonishment, and then a jolly, ruddy-faced man, with merry, twinkling eyes, stepped forward.

"Waal, if ye hain't ther coolest kid I ever seed in all my life," he said, in a deep, bass voice, a hearty laugh accompany-

ing his words. "I never see one like ye afore. And so yer hungry, eh? Whar hev ye been? Yer as wet as a drowned rat. Come up here ter ther fire, whar we kin git a good look at yer, and then we'll know how ter size yer up. Come right up, sonny. Ther boys won't hurt ye."

He took the boy by the arm, and dragged him up to the fire. All the men stared at the slender youth as if he had been a curiosity, and then the bluff, hearty voice once more broke the stillness.

"Waal, I must say thet yer about ther decentist lookin' kid I've met in a good many days. Whar did ye come from, sonny, and what mought yer handle be?"

"Where did I come from?" Gordon Lillie repeated, looking keenly at the good-natured fellow. "From Bloomington, Illinois, and my name is Gordon Lillie."

"Run away from home, didn't ye?" the stranger asked, with a grin. "I reckon I'm about right, fur it's plain ter be seen that ye hain't been roughin' it long. Ain't I right when I say ye run away from ther old folks?"

"I did run away from home," Gordon answered frankly, "and I shall not deny it. But I did nothing wrong. There was no reason why I should run away, except my love of adventure. I graduated from the High School, and I could not bear the idea of staying in a dull town and becoming a plodding business man in a small way. So I cut loose and started for myself."

"Right ye are, my boy, right ye are," the bluff, good-natured stranger responded heartily. "Here's my paw, and it's as honest a paw as ye ever shook in all yer life. I ain't ther handsomest man in all ther world, but them as knows me will tell ye thet I'm about as white a man as ever leveled a rifle at a fat buck. My handle is Trapper Tom, and I'm known from one end of the world to t'other. If ye want ter stay with us, and be one of us, ye kin. But ther best thing fur ye ter do now is ter git some of thet roast venison and good coffee inside yer jacket as quick as yer know how, arter thet we kin talk. Yer as wet as a cat thet's been in ther water all day, too, but I reckon ye would rather eat and then dry yerself. It's a mighty unpleasant thing ter be wet all ther way through, but it's a durned sight worse ter be hungry. Come along now, grub is ready."

While Gordon lived he never was able to forget how good that venison and coffee tasted, and Trapper Tom chuckled to himself as he saw the lad stow away tin plateful after plateful, washed down by huge cups of fragrant coffee. Then, when he had satisfied the pangs of hunger he went to the cheerily blazing fire and dried his wet clothing.

"Now, my lad, are ye willin' ter become one of us?" Trapper Tom asked, with a twinkle in his eyes. "It's a jolly life we lead, huntin' and trappin' all ther time, and at ther same time it's not ther easiest in ther world. Thar's a mighty lot about it thet hain't so very nice, and yit if ye think ye would like ter join us we're glad ter hev yer."

"I shall be delighted to join you," Gordon began eagerly, but the trapper stopped him with a wave of his hand.

"Thar, thar, sonny, jest drop all them big, high-soundin' words, fur me and ther rest of ther boys ain't used ter hearin'

them, and it sort of makes us nervous-like. It's plain ter be seen thet ye've hed a heap of schoolin', but ye hain't a-goin' ter need it here. We're all of us plain speakin' men, and we can't stand no frills, but ye do know a heap. Are ye goin' ter stay with us?"

"I shall stay with you," the youth responded gratefully. "And if my ways at present are somewhat different from yours, please do not mind, for I was brought up in an entirely different manner from you. I shall not be long in learning your ways, for indeed I wish to be one of you."

"I believe ye, sonny," Trapper Tom responded heartily, "and I swar thet I believe ye hev ther makin' of a good man in yer. Ter be sure yer only a kid, but durn me, yer a mighty game one, and ther older ye grow ye'll improve. Now, would ye mind goin' ter ther spring over yonder and gittin' a jug of water fur ther night? Yer a bit younger nor me, and thar's nothin' like good, pure cold water ter turn in on. Ye kin easily find it, thar behind the big rock."

Gordon took the jug in his hand and started for the spring. He could see the big rock that Trapper Tom pointed out to him, and he walked briskly away in the moonlight.

"At last," he muttered, exultingly to himself. "At last I have a chance to catch a glimpse of the life I have always longed for. It was a kind fate that directed my footsteps in the direction that led to Trapper Tom's camp. I like him, for he is a good, whole-souled fellow, and I shall learn all about this wild free life while with him."

He found the spring, and filled his jug with the clear, sparkling water. Then he turned his footsteps in the direction of the camp. The moon was shining over the scene, and all objects were plainly discernible by her silvery light.

"I wish I knew how Harry Reynolds was faring," he murmured, thoughtfully. "I like him, and I only wish we could have remained together. Poor fellow! he was near being lynched that night in Wichita, and but for brave Dollie Clayton I believe he would have been. She was the one who saved him, and——"

He came to his senses with a sudden start, his heart giving a great leap of terror and dismay, for there before him in the moonlight was a huge savage, hideous in war paint and feathers. He was staring straight at our hero, his glittering tomahawk clutched in one brawny hand, all ready to hurl at the boy's head. The moon revealed every line of his face, which seemed far more ferocious than any he had ever seen in pictures. No wonder he was unable to move hand or foot, but stood rooted to the spot.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRUE GRIT.

It would be false were I to say that our hero was not frightened, for he was. His heart gave a great leap, and then

seemed to stand still, but it was for only one moment, then he was himself again. It would scare almost any boy of sixteen were he to find himself face to face with a huge savage in war paint and feathers, and Gordon was not an ordinary boy. But he nerved himself and like a flash raised his rifle, taking a careful though hurried aim at the hideous face so near him.

Before he could press the trigger, however, a loud, ringing laugh burst from the lips of the supposed savage, and he said in a voice that was strangely familiar:

"Now, see here, kid, don't ye up and shoot me, fur if ye do I'll raise thunder with ye. I never yit hed a taste of cold lead, and durn me if I'm goin' ter begin now. Don't ye know me, ye tarnal young fool, ye?"

It was the voice of Trapper Tom. To the astonished youth he looked like a gigantic savage, and for a few moments he could do nothing save stare at the tall form in its gaudy dress and war feathers.

Then he found his tongue, and while a hot blush mantled his face, he stammered:

"And so you are not an Indian after all? I—I was sure you were one."

"And ye're madder nor a wet hen, because ye hev lost ther chance ter fill a redskin full of cold lead, eh?" Trapper Tom chuckled, his broad shoulders shaking with suppressed merriment.

"Waal, I don't know as I kin blame ye, fur I'm sure thet I would do ther very same thing over myself. But ye came mighty nigh shootin' me, sonny."

"I am sorry for that," Gordon answered. "But what was I to do? I was sure you were an Indian, and besides, you were dressed in war paint and feathers, which was enough to upset anyone. I am glad you spoke, for in less than another moment I would have filled you with cold lead, as you express it. I confess, however, that at first I was badly frightened."

"Waal, I don't know who wouldn't be," Trapper Tom said bluntly. "As old a bird as I am, and as much as I have seen ther world, I'll bet my hair—thet is, what is left of it—would stand on end. Yer are a brick, sonny, ye hev got ther true grit in ye, and I mean ter tell ther boys ter-night thet they mustn't play no more sich tricks on ye as they hev been a-playin' fur ther last few days. Now, do ye think ye would be satisfied ter jine us and belong ter our gang?"

"Would I?" Gordon echoed, his face flushing with pleasure and pride. "Indeed, I will be more than pleased to become one of your brave band, and I am glad I know that you want me."

"I know thar's good stuff in ye, sonny," the big trapper said, slowly, laying one hand upon the boy's shoulder, "and I'm very seldom mistaken in anyone. Ye show it in yer face, and in every move and action. Ther boys all like ye, even if they did make a bit of fun of ye in ther beginning. Come on, now, let's git home jest about as quick as we kin, for if some young feller like yerself should see me he'd do ther very same thing as ye intended ter do—fill me full of holes."

So saying, Trapper Tom started in the direction of the camp where the fires burned cheerily, laughing softly to himself at the joke he had played upon the boy. From the first

moment he looked upon the lad, he had liked him, and he determined to prove his courage. He had done so to his satisfaction, and he had proved himself a hero. It is not necessary for me to add that the members of Trapper Tom's band had made the lad a butt of ridicule since he came to them. But through it all he had taken it good-naturedly, and they respected him all the more for it.

When they reached the camp where the rest eagerly awaited them, the trapper stood for a moment silent, then, raising his powerful voice, he said slowly:

"Boys, ye are all fooled, every durned one of ye. The kid is all right; he's made of good stuff, and I'm mighty proud of him. He's young, but I'll bet my gun and saddle thet in less than ten years from now ther name of Gordon Lillie will be known all over the world, and all through America it will be a byword—yes, and in Europe, too. He ain't made of no common, everyday stuff, this kid hain't, and ye kin jest take my word fur it. He's goin' ter jine us this very night, and I don't want ter hear of any more monkey shines bein' cut up on him. He was goin' ter shoot me quicker nor ye could wink an eye, when he thought I was a cussed Injun, but I spoke ter him jest in time. If I hed waited a minute longer he would hev put a hole in me thet ye could see daylight through. I supposed, of course, thet he would turn white 'bout ther gills and flop, but durn my boots, he's as game as a fightin' cock. I never seed ther likes of it in all my life."

Having delivered himself of this rather long-winded speech, Trapper Tom proceeded to divest himself of his warrior make-up, chuckling all the while to himself. As to our hero, it must be confessed that he was somewhat disappointed in not being able to say that he had killed an Indian—for what boy of sixteen does not yearn to cover himself with glory in the Far West? And he was so sure that the opportunity had arrived, too; yet at the same time he silently thanked Heaven that he had not shot his kind-hearted friend, the trapper.

You may be sure there were no more jokes played on him after that night's episode. He remained with the party, moving about from place to place, and he enjoyed the free, wild life even more than he anticipated. In the meantime he wrote home to his mother from the nearest town, which they visited once during the trapping and hunting expedition for the purpose of obtaining supplies, also more traps and ammunition. He did not like to think of her as grieving over his absence, and he was too honorable to keep her longer in suspense. So she was greatly relieved when she read her boy's letter and knew he was safe.

It was a strange, delightful experience to Gordon. Up at break of day, inhaling the clear, crisp air in his lungs, a hearty breakfast, that tasted to him better than anything he ever had before. Then away over the frozen ground, through the forests and over the black hills, the excitement at sighting larger game than usual, and the return to the camp at nightfall, where glowing fires and a savory supper awaited them. It was the kind of life that suited him exactly, and he soon grew bronzed and strong like his hale comrades.

It was not long ere he became an expert at trapping, and a crack marksman. In fact, he soon had the name of being the

best rifle shot in the party, and some of the men were inclined to be a trifle jealous. But he was so good-natured about everything that they grew to be ashamed, and admired him as much as did Trapper Tom, his loyal friend. Gordon was a great favorite and made friends wherever he went. He had heard once or twice from Harry Reynolds, who was at home with his aged mother, making the last days of her life happy by his presence, and also very comfortable by the money which the miners and cowboys had given him the night he was saved from being lynched.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOST IN THE STORM.

Thus was Gordon Lillie initiated as one of Trapper Tom's band. And he never forgot the great pomp and ceremony which the occasion called for. In fact, he was never able to think of it without laughing heartily. The sight of the trappers and hunters trying to appear grave and dignified was too much for him, and how he ever managed to control himself he was never able to tell. Yet he dared not laugh outright, for he feared to offend the rude, yet honest fellows. He was so keen, so quickwitted, that he could not fail to see the ridiculous side of everything.

Three months passed away, and no one seeing him would have dreamed that he was the same slender delicate-looking youth who had graduated from high school only to run away the very moment he was free. He had grown larger, his form was more fully developed, and his rather pale complexion was now a ruddy, glowing color, made so by his active outdoor life. His own mother would scarcely have recognized him, and the men used to say among themselves that it did not seem possible that he was the same "tenderfoot," whose advent had been made but three short months before. Sometimes he could not realize it himself.

One dreary, cloudy day in February, as he stood looking up at the overcast sky wondering what the weather would be, whether the storm would pass on or break over them, Trapper Tom came up to him, an anxious expression upon his face, a moody look in his eyes.

"I don't know what ter do," he said, slowly, thrusting his hands through his belt, looking up into the air, aimlessly, and giving the logs a kick with his foot. "Them there pelts and hides ought ter go to ther agency right away. They're expectin' 'em, and not a durned man wants ter go. Ter tell ther truth, thar ain't a one among ther hull crowd that I'd send aside from Jim or Ike, and they're both laid up. Jim's finger is so bad that he swars he'll cut ther thing off if it don't stop painin' him. I'm thinkin' he'll lose it anyway, and Ike can't swaller a thing fur his throat bein' so all-fired sore. I don't know what in thunder ter do, and I'm 'bout ready ter give up ther hull thing and quit."

Gordon was silent for a moment, his own face thoughtful and

grave, then a sudden gleam flashed in his eyes, while he said eagerly:

"I'll go! I am not afraid to start out alone! I'll go this very day if you wish it."

"Sonny, yer a brick if ever thar was one," the trapper exclaimed, clasping his hand and giving it a hearty shake. "I'm durned if ye hain't got more grit nor ther hull crowd put ter-gether. But mebbe ye hed better wait awhile, fur it looks like a storm."

"No, I will go at once," Gordon answered, eager to be off. He was always ready for a new adventure of any sort, and the idea pleased him far better than remaining in camp. "I do not mind the storm, and I believe it will pass over without touching us at all. At any rate, the quicker I go the quicker I shall be able to return."

"Right ye are, sonny, right ye are," the trapper replied, nodding his head, "and if ye want ter go, why, I hain't goin' ter stop yer. We'll git things fixed up in shape fur ye so ye kin go at once. I'm mighty glad ter git ther hides and pelts started fur market, I kin tell ye."

In a short time Gordon was on his way to the market, which was at the Pawnee Agency. The trading store was run by Thomas Barry, who was well known on the frontier. He supplied the Indians with their necessary outfits, as well as the white men.

"Now, sonny, don't ye stay no longer nor ye hev ter," Trapper Tom called after him, as he started out from the camp. "Fur my terbaccer is nigh 'bout gone, and I can't live unless I hev it. I'd rather be without my feed than my terbaccer."

"I will stay no longer than is absolutely necessary," Gordon answered. "And I believe I can make the trip as well as anybody in camp."

"And I don't believe it—I know it, sonny," the trapper replied. "Waal, good-by, and good luck to ye."

"Good-by," Gordon called back, as he rode away with his pack mules laden with dried hides and pelts. And then a thrill of joy shot through his breast, for he was going into a strange place, one he had never visited before, and who knew what might happen before he returned? Always eager for excitement, he hailed the change with delight.

"I'm mighty glad ther kid's gone in my place," one of the men who was wounded said to his companion. "Then to my thinkin' we're goin' ter hev a storm, and a mighty bad one at thet, and I'd ruther be here in camp beside a good fire than out in the blizzard. It's goin' ter be a reg'lar norwester, and I'm glad I hain't got ter face it."

"So am I," the other grunted, puffing away at his pipe, "and let ther kid go if he wants ter. He's young and strong, and he kin stand it very well. He's got warmer blood in his veins nor we, and let him use them. I'd rather smoke my pipe and take my drop of grog by ther fire."

"Me, too," the other chimed in. "Me, too. Waal, I hope ther kid will reach ther agency all right. He's plucky, but he hain't exactly got over being green yet. But thar's no gittin' 'round it, he's got good stuff in him."

So those two worthies talked on and on, while Gordon was on his way to the agency with his loaded pack-mules. They

liked him, and wished him well, yet they were so used to grumbling at everything that they could not stop it now.

When Gordon reached Camp Creek he decided to halt for the night and pitch his camp. There was a strong foreboding of a nor'wester, and he knew it was to be dreaded and avoided. Unpacking his animals, he made them comfortable for the night, and then in the strong heat of the log fire he soon grew drowsy. Piling on more fuel he rolled himself in his blanket, and stretching out before the fire half sitting, half reclining, he dozed off. He dared not leave the warmth of the ruddy leaping flames, for he knew what it would mean.

When he awakened in the morning a cutting northerner was blowing which made the pack mules hover together in a bunch behind the bank whose shelter they would not leave even for food and water. He tried in vain to coax them, but they could not be moved. He waited until noon, then saddling a horse he started for the agency to get a number of articles he was in need of. When he left camp he hadn't figured upon being detained by a storm, and when he could not make the pack mules move forward in their march he knew he would have to remain there until the worst part had passed. He rode on until the middle of the afternoon when a blinding snowstorm set in which shut off all landmarks, and he realized that he could go no further. He dismounted, and the only match he had in his possession went out when he attempted to build a fire. His position was now most perilous, the thermometer being twenty degrees below zero, and with neither food nor blankets, what to do he did not know, and in spite of his brave heart and courage, he was beginning to fear he would never again see his mother's kindly face, nor look upon his old home. It was not a pleasant position for a boy of sixteen to be placed in, and for the first time in his life he really believed he stood face to face with grim death.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MEETING WITH JESSE JAMES.

Poor Gordon gave himself up for lost, and his heart lay like lead within his breast. Let us not deem him unmanly, my dear young reader, if tears filled his eyes as he thought of home and mother—the dear, loving mother, the old home he had left forever—and he dashed them away wondering if his body would be found in the spring when the snow had melted. Had he been surrounded by a band of hostile Indians he would not have said a word, but alone, overpowered by nature, it was a different thing. He could protect himself against the arms with which man was provided, but nature, powerful, stern, relentless—ah, who could fight against her!

"I suppose—I may as well sit down and wait for the end to come," he said, somewhat bitterly. "I can do nothing at all, and I am only wasting my strength and time by rushing about so madly, not that time or strength will ever amount to any-

thing for me now," he added, with a sad smile. "For at the utmost they will be mine for only a few hours longer, aye, a few moments if this storm keeps on increasing in its fury."

Each moment the storm grew fiercer, madder, and the terrified horse hovered closer to his young rider, seeming to feel the need of human society. The snow fell in huge flakes, and the keen wind sent them whirling through the icy air like great feathers.

"I can see just how it looks at home," he murmured sleepily, a drowsy feeling creeping over him, while the keen cold that had pierced him through and through gave place to a delicious warmth that ran through every vein like rare wine. His head dropped forward upon his breast, and but for a sudden sound that aroused him with a start this story would never have been written. There was a crackling of dead boughs, and the half-frozen boy opened his eyes to see a stalwart fellow wrapped to the ears in buffalo skins. He was standing close to him, looking at him as if he were a curiosity.

The sight of a human being in the midst of the blinding snowstorm had a magical effect upon Gordon, and he shook off the feeling of drowsiness that was fast benumbing his every sense.

"What are you doing here in this fearful storm, boy?" the newcomer asked abruptly. "Don't you know any better than to go to sleep? It's sure death."

"I am lost, and I am nearly frozen to death besides," Gordon replied gratefully. "And but for your coming I should now be lying dead under the snow."

"Well, and what are you going to do?" the stranger questioned sharply.

"I would like to spend the night with you," Gordon said simply. "I don't know which way to go or what to do."

"Well, my boy, we don't run no boarding-house, but I hain't going to see no one freeze while I can help it; follow me and I will take you to where there is plenty of fire, grub, and goodwill," he replied with a grim laugh. And without further words Gordon gladly followed his new friend, silently blessing the fate that had sent him across his pathway.

Later, when he had enjoyed a comfortable supper, and was sitting before a glowing fire, in some way or other the conversation turned upon Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, whose name was dreaded throughout the whole country.

"And what is your opinion of this Jesse James, boy?" Gordon's host asked of him. "Do you think he deserves hanging, as nearly every man and woman express themselves?"

"No," Gordon returned promptly. "No, I do not, and I sincerely hope that the day may never dawn when Jesse James will be caught and punished. The man has done wrong, we all know that, but his heart is not bad. He was never known to steal from the poor. It is the rich who are his prey, not the unfortunate ones, and I honor him for it."

A strange light shone in the stranger's eyes, a queer smile lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"Do you mean that, boy?"

"I do."

"But think of the life he has led," he went on. "You can't find no excuse for that, my boy. He's a bad man."

"There may be circumstances in his life of which no one knows," Gordon replied very gravely. "And it is not fair to judge a man until we know him. I have never seen Jesse James, I never expect to, and I don't know as I want to, but I do not believe he is one-half so black as he is painted. He has done a great many good deeds in his life."

"And a great many bad ones, eh?" with a little short laugh. "Well, he'll get come up with some day, and don't you forget it. I ain't afraid to bet any amount of good money that he'll swing yet."

"I'm very much afraid you would lose your money, then," Gordon answered, slowly, while the other smiled grimly. "For they will have a long and weary chase before they find Jesse James. He's too cute for them all, and I hope he may elude all the sheriffs in the country."

"You appear to be very friendly toward him," his host remarked, watching him sharply as he spoke. "Why is it?"

"I really cannot say why I admire him, for there are certainly traits in his character which I do not admire," Gordon replied, frankly. "At the same time his good qualities overbalance, at least, they are equal to his bad ones. I wish, however, he would reform and lead a different life."

"He hain't very likely to do that, my boy," was the answer given in a queer, low voice, "and you'll see in time that they get him, and he'll swing. It's the way all such fellows end up their careers, even hundreds of years ago, and I don't know of anything that can stop them. Now, my boy, I suppose you are pretty well fagged out, eh? You had better turn in and get all the sleep you can. Your horse is comfortable, and it's a mighty sight better than being out in the storm all night, eh?"

"I don't know what I should have done but for you," Gordon said, giving him a grateful glance. "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me this night?"

His host made no reply, and long after Gordon was sleeping he sat before the glowing embers, his head bowed, his chin resting between his two palms. Then, as a deep sigh fell from his lips, he arose and said something to himself in a low voice.

Our hero's slumbers were very peaceful that night, and when he awakened in the morning he saw that the storm had passed and the sun was shining brightly in the sky overhead. His host was already up, and he half smiled as he saw the youth.

"Well, my boy, how did you sleep?" he asked. "I suppose you were not disturbed during the night by any sounds?"

"No, I heard nothing at all, for I was so tired that I never knew a thing until daylight," the boy answered, somewhat surprised at the question. "Thank goodness I can resume my journey now in safety."

"There is one thing I want you to do," the stranger said at parting, when Gordon was put on the right trail at last, "and that is—don't tell anyone where you spent the night."

Gordon bowed his head, and his strange companion went on:

"For it means that I would be hunted down again, driven from one end of the country to the other. Here, they can't find me. I defy them, one and all, and if they come here I am ready for them. My boy, you have spent the night in the company of Jesse James."

CHAPTER XVI.

A FAIR ROBBER.

A gasp of astonishment broke from Gordon's lips, and he could only stand and stare at the speaker, unable to believe his own eyes.

"You seem astonished," said Jesse James.

"I do not know what to think."

"It is as I say, boy."

"You—you mean that you are Jesse James?" he asked, falteringly. "I—I am——"

"There, there, my boy, there ain't no need for you to go on in that way," the outlaw said kindly, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "I am Jesse James, and I ain't going to hurt you. But remember, you're not to mention staying here all night. It would mean more trouble for me and for others, too, for I hain't a man to be trifled with."

"I am well aware of that," Gordon replied, "and you may depend upon it that I shall never mention being here. You saved my life and I shall always remember it, and if the day ever comes when you are in need of a friend, you will find one in Gordon Lillie. I know I am only a boy, but sometimes a boy can do more than a man."

The outlaw upon whose head a price was set grasped his hand warmly, while something bright glistened in his eyes—something that looked like tears—and he said somewhat huskily:

"Do you mean all you say? I was a bit afraid to take you in at first, but your face was honest and I believe you. Jesse James ain't so black as he's painted, after all."

"I always said that," Gordon replied, emphatically, "and now I know it. Anyway, I am glad I know you, and I never forget a friend."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"I mean it."

"I may need your help some day, my boy, who knows," the outlaw said, slowly. "Well, good-by, and good luck to you."

As Gordon rode away, his pulse all atingle, he turned once in the saddle to look backward and wave his hand to the solitary figure, standing like a statue upon the level prairie. He always remembered him as he looked that morning, his strong lips trembling, his eyes overflowing with tears—he, the outlaw, the man whom the world looked upon as a demon in human form, and he never saw him again, but to this day there is a warm corner in the famous scout's heart for the branded

outlaw who saved him from freezing to death in the blinding snowstorm so many years ago.

The boy had no further difficulty in finding his train of pack mules. The animals were in the same spot where he had left them, and getting them in line, he started once more for the agency, which this time he succeeded in reaching safely.

He sold his pelts and hides, and buying what supplies he needed, gave his pack mules a day's rest, then he started for the camp again. He would not be able to make the journey without stopping on the way, and he pushed on for Camp Creek, preferring to spend the night there.

After supper, which he skillfully prepared, he stretched himself out before the fire, and resting his head upon his saddle, looked into the ruddy flames that danced and flickered merrily, casting shadows over the scene. It was very pleasant there, the warmth was agreeable and soothing, and the restless movements of the pack mules as they crowded each other about saved him from that feeling of utter desolation and loneliness that always overpowers one when alone at night. He had not the faintest idea of danger, and he lay there thinking of Jesse James, the outlaw, who had befriended him.

And his thoughts were of a varied nature.

"I always knew he was not one-half so bad as they tried to make out," he murmured dreamily, "and if he is ever in danger of being captured, and I can save him, I will do it, though he were an outlaw a hundred times over. He has a good heart, and who knows what sad secrets are locked away within it. But what would father and mother say if they knew I had spent the night under his protection. They would be ready to die with fright, for like all the rest of the people in dull old Bloomington, they believe he is the most horrible fiend in the world. Well, well, who would ever think he would be so kind to me! When I used to smuggle novels up to my room to read after the others had gone to sleep, little did I ever dream that I would soon be on the very spot where some of Jesse James' worst deeds were committed, and still less did I ever expect to see him. Strange things happen in this world."

He fell to thinking of Harry Reynolds and Dauntless Dollie, the brave girl who had saved the unfortunate youth from being lynched, and he smiled sleepily.

"I would not be afraid to wager almost anything that in time she becomes his bride," he murmured. "For it was plain to be seen he was already smitten, and so was she, but she was too proud to own up to it. Poor girl! What an unhappy life she has led with her wretched, drunken old father and that brute of a Joe Scott he is determined to make her marry. If I were her I would run away—I would never stay there and be a slave for them."

He did not know that she had already run away, and while thus pondering over the subject he dropped into a light doze.

Before doing so, however, he felt for the thick leathern belt about his waist under the buckskin jacket he wore.

That was the hiding-place where the money he had ob-

tained for the pelts was hidden, and satisfied that it was safe he sank into a peaceful slumber.

And, boylike, he dreamed.

He was dreaming that he was once more lost in a blinding snow storm, but this time he was rescued by a different person, the figure of a female whose face was hidden by a bright red mask. He was sure that he had heard her voice at some time before in his life, but when or where he could not say, and she would not remove the brilliant mask that hid her face from his sight, although he requested her to do so.

Suddenly he awakened with a start, feeling that he was no longer alone. There was that queer sensation that impresses one with the idea that someone is near even though they cannot see them. And as he rubbed his eyes, then pinched his arm to see if he were waking or dreaming, he gave a start, for there before him stood a slender, willowy figure, clad in black, a broad-brimmed hat graced by a long, waving plume upon her head, a mask of the same somber hue hiding her face.

To our hero's utter amazement he found himself looking into the shining barrel of a revolver that was leveled at his breast.

"Hands up!" came in a low, yet clear, ringing tone of command from the strange girl or woman, whichever she was, for he could not tell, her face being hidden, but her figure had the soft, graceful curves of youth, while her voice was fresh and musical. "Hands up, my friend, I mean business, and I have no time to spare."

"What do you want?" Gordon asked, in amazement. "What are you holding me up for? I am not a stage-coach nor a bank, and—"

He was interrupted by a low cry of astonishment that burst from the fair robber's lips, and he gave another start, for it was the same voice he had heard in his dreams, and there was something familiar about it, too. She had made no sound until she saw his face plainly, a flickering flame of fire that arose making it very discernible. Then she caught her breath with a gasp.

"You!" she panted. "You! Well, no matter!" with a forced, reckless laugh. "I came here for the money you have in that belt around your waist, and the very best thing for you to do is to hand it over and make no fuss about it. I mean business, and you are losing nothing. Trapper Tom is the loser, and he can well afford it."

Gordon knew that voice—aye, very well indeed, and like a flash he sprang to his feet, regardless of the revolver pointed at his head.

"Dollie!" he cried. "Oh, Dollie! Is it really you? And have you come to this? My poor girl, can it be true? You, Dauntless Dollie, a highway robber—a thief!"

CHAPTER XVII.

DAUNTLESS DOLLIE IN A NEW ROLE.

At those words something like a shudder passed over the girl's form, and she did not answer for a moment; then once

more that bitter, mocking laugh rang out upon the crisp night air.

"Why do you call me Dollie when you do not know me?" she asked in a half contemptuous manner. "Are you crazy? I never saw you before, and I am quite sure you never saw me. You cannot see me now, for my face is hidden by this mask. But all this is nonsense, and I am here for one purpose—to get the money you have with you. Now, are you going to give it up peaceably, or are you going to cause trouble? Remember, the easiest way is the best, and I am desperate."

Gordon was silent for a moment, then looking straight at her he said slowly:

"Dollie—for you are Dollie Clayton in spite of all you may say—I am sorry to see you in this life. What has happened to change you so, Dollie? Nay, you need not turn away or interrupt me, for I know you. There is no use in your denying your identity, Dollie."

"Are you a madman or a fool?" she asked him scornfully. "Do you think you can—ah, I will not waste time with you longer," she suddenly added. "Give me the money you have in your belt, or I'll—"

"You will shoot me?" he asked, slowly, yet very calmly. "No, Dollie, you will not, you could not, for it is not in your heart to do so. You are not heartless enough for that. If you will remove your mask and let me see your face, I will give you the money I have in my possession, even though I am mistaken in my opinion. I know you are Dollie Clayton just as well as I know I am Gordon Lillie, and no power upon earth can change me."

The fair robber paused a second. Then:

"Deliver to me the money and cease this nonsense," the fair robber said, sternly. "You are wasting too much valuable time."

"No, I am not," Gordon answered, in a voice even sterner than her own. "But I am saving you from an awful crime, Dollie, and if it is in my power to save you from the life you have started to lead, I shall be glad."

She laughed scornfully.

"My dear boy, for you are only a boy," she said slowly and emphatically, "why will you keep this farce up longer? I want the money you have with you, and I am going to have it. Do you realize that you are losing time, and I patience? The very best thing for you to do is—hand out the money. It will save you a great deal of trouble and me some cold lead."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Would you shoot me, Dollie?" he asked, reproachfully. "Murder me in cold blood? Ah, I never thought that you, Dollie Clayton, the bravest, truest girl in Wichita, would stoop to that. You were known as Dauntless Dollie, and the title suited you right well, and now, ah, I do not like to think of it."

"Will you kindly stop this nonsense and deliver to me what I ask for?" she demanded impatiently. "I am altogether too polite for a highway robber, and I can see my mistake is in being too easy with you."

"Your mistake is in leading the life you have entered upon," Gordon said solemnly. "That is your mistake, Dollie."

"Now, once and for all, will you give up the money peaceably, or must I force you to it?" she asked angrily. "I do not wish to injure you, Gordon Lillie, but——"

"Ah, you do know my name, then?" he interrupted, with a little, triumphant laugh. "You do know my name in spite of it all? And you are really Dollie Clayton? You might as well admit it first as last. I know you, and you cannot hope to deceive me."

"I am out of patience with you," she retorted, coming closer to him and holding the barrel of her revolver unpleasantly close to his head, "and I'll give you just five minutes in which to make up your mind. I'll wait no longer, either. At the expiration of five minutes if you have not decided to give me the money I shall shoot!"

"Why do you do this?"

"I mean what I say."

"Shoot away," he replied coolly. "I am not afraid, and——"

"You mean to defy me, then, and say that you are not afraid of me?" she asked, in an anger stifled voice. "Well, then, you shall pay dearly for this."

"I do not mean to defy you at all," he answered gently. "But I meant to say that I was not afraid to die, that is all. If you wish to shoot me, I cannot prevent you, and you will have the crime to answer for. Ah, well, it is the way of the world, and we cannot change it. My last answer is final—no, I will not give up the money intrusted to my care. It is a sacred trust, and no power upon earth shall cause me to break it. You may shoot as quick as you like, Dollie, I shall not ask you to show me any mercy, but if it were Harry Reynolds standing here, would you send a leaden messenger of death through his heart. Nay, I am sure you would not."

He saw the hand that clutched the revolver tremble violently, and he knew his point was gained. With a sudden, catlike movement he took a step forward, and seizing her by the wrist, with a swift motion tore the mask from her face, and there before him stood Dauntless Dollie, the pride of Wichita.

He did not gloat over his discovery, but stood silent, his sad, reproachful eyes fastened upon her face. One moment only did she return that kindly look with a defiant expression upon her face, then she burst into a passion of tears, her trembling hands seeking to hide from his sight her remorseless face. He drew her to him as a brother would a beloved sister, who was grieving sore, and pillowing her head upon his breast he tried in vain to soothe her.

"Don't cry, Dollie," he whispered, his tender hand patting the soft cheek gently. "Don't cry, for it is all right. No one in all the wide world shall ever know what has taken place here to-night. I don't blame you, but whatever possessed you to start in upon the life you are now leading. Tell me, Dollie, it may relieve a part of the pain that is eating your heart out."

Drying her tears the girl, for it was really Dollie Clayton, commenced to tell him of her life since last they met.

Of how her father had treated her until at last, unable to

bear it any longer, she had fled from her home rather than suffer the abuse and ill-treatment she was forced to put up with.

Of her wanderings from place to place, her despair at not being able to make an honest living, and then of how she had decided that if she could not make an honest living, she would make a dishonest one.

All this he listened to with a grave, pale face, and when she finished, he said slowly:

"There is no need for you to be dishonest, Dollie. You know that Harry Reynolds loves you, that he hopes in time to make you his wife, and I want to see you leading a different life, Dollie. Here is money. Take it, go to some town where you will find the way of making an honest living open to you, and when you are able to repay it, all well and good. No, I will not hear what you may have to say. Do as I bid you, for you surely cannot remain in camp with a lot of lawless men. Good-by, and God bless you!"

Little did he dream under what circumstances he would again meet her, and he stood watching her until she disappeared in the darkness, then he sat down before the fire again, where he remained for some time lost in deep thought.

It is safe to say that slumber did not visit him that night, and he was glad when the morning dawned so that he might resume his journey to camp.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHERE GORDON SAVES TRAPPER TOM'S LIFE.

He met with no further adventures before reaching the camp where Trapper Tom and his band were, but all the way he could not banish the thought of the brave girl whom he had known and admired for her courage in Wichita.

And the knowledge that she had turned highwayman and robber hurt him.

He realized how the proud, impulsive nature had battled between right and wrong, and how, at last, driven to desperation, she had yielded to wrong.

"But she is on the right road now," he murmured, as he rode slowly along, the reins lying loosely upon his horse's neck. "And I know her well enough to believe she will never return to her old life. Poor girl! how I pity her. She is true and noble, loyal to her friends, and this little episode in her career will serve as a lesson. I wish she would meet Harry by chance now, and I know he would never let her get away from him again. I wonder how he is getting along now?"

When he reached camp he found Trapper Tom anxiously awaiting him, and he greeted the boy with a warm handshake.

"I'm mighty glad ter see ye back ag'in, sonny," he said. "Fur ever sence ye went away I've been sort of worried 'bout ye. Did ther storm overtake ye?"

"Yes, I was caught in the snowstorm, but I was snugly sheltered, and camped for the night, so I did not mind," Gordon replied, thinking it was best not to mention the fact that he had passed the night with anyone, as it might give rise to suspicion that would be the means of discovering the rendezvous of the man who had befriended him, outlaw though he was.

"Waal, I'm mighty glad ter hear thet," the trapper responded, with a gratified shake of his grizzled head, "and I'm glad, too, thet ye're here, fur as sure as yer name is Gordon Lillie, jest so sure thar's goin' ter be trouble."

"Why, what do you mean?" the boy asked in surprise.

"Thar's a band of hostile Injuns 'bout here, and they're on ther warpath in a sneakin' sort of way," Trapper Tom replied in a low voice; "and ther worst part of it all is that thar's a cussed white renegade at ther bottom of ther hull business. He's ther lobster as is raisin' ther row, and if we don't stop him he'll git every durned one round 'bout here so skeered that they won't know what end ther head is on."

"Do you know his name?" Gordon asked, his pulses all a-tingle at the mention of a horrible fight with Indians. "Have you learned much about him?"

"No, I don't know his name, but he's called Ugly Joe, because he's got sich a tarnal bad temper and sich a humly mug. They say he don't think no more of runnin' his knife through a man than I do of stickin' a b'ar."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of him."

"He's a bad one, and I hain't afeered of him face ter face, but he's got a nasty trick of runnin' a blade between a man's shoulder blades when he ain't lookin'. Give me a chance at him, though, and I'll make him sick. They're all a-spyin' on our every move, and of course they know that we've been trappin' all ther season, and hev hed good luck. I'll bet a dollar thet they know we've sold all ther hides and pelts, and if they don't we'll be better off. But durn it, they'll manage in some way ter find it out at ther agency. We've got ter keep our eyes open ter-night, I kin tell ye, sonny."

"Well, we are the ones who can do it, and if we cannot then we are a poor lot," Gordon responded, with a brisk, business-like air that won the old trapper's heart completely. "For if such a man as this Ugly Joe knows we have a large amount in our possession he will never stop at anything in order to get it. Therefore we must watch all night. Here is the money," unbuttoning the belt and handing it to him. "I forgot that I had it with me on hearing the report that we are likely to be attacked. It will be safer with you. You will find it there—every dollar."

"I don't doubt it, sonny, and I hain't even goin' ter count it, fur I've got faith in ye, I kin tell ye thet. Here is a bit ter pay ye fur hevin' ter sleep out in a snowbank all night long," handing Gordon a handful of shining gold. "Ye're true blue, my boy, true blue."

Thanking the good-hearted man for his generous gift, Gordon turned away, determined that the camp should be well guarded that night.

He was silent during the evening, remaining by himself while the others were singing and joking around the fire.

And at last, when they were soundly sleeping, he sat like a statue in a darkened corner, his trusty rifle across his knees.

Trapper Tom, who was very weary from a long, hard day's tramp, came to him, saying:

"If they do come fur ther money ter-night, thar won't be but a few of 'em, fur ther varmints don't dream as how we're onto 'em, and they'll never think of us fightin' back. Thar's whar we'll fool 'em, and give 'em ther dance of death. I didn't tell ther boys 'bout it, fur they're all tired out, too, and a sudden alarm would wake em up at once. I knew me and you, sonny, could fix 'em, and if we needed help we could yell to 'em. I'll stay up, too, and if ye git sleepy, ye kin take a snooze fur a jiffy while I keep watch."

Gordon smiled to himself, for he knew the trapper was far more likely to fall asleep than he was, and as hour after hour passed by and not a sound disturbed the death-like dark silence of the night, he saw Trapper Tom's head nod and finally rest upon his breast, while his deep and heavy breathing announced that he slept.

Gordon kept the watch alone after that.

The fires burned lower and lower, then flickered faintly, casting ghostly shadows over the scene.

The weary men slept, not dreaming of danger, and then the boy's keen, quick ears detected the stealthy gliding footstep of someone near.

The next moment a dark, shadowy form crept toward the old trapper, who still dozed peacefully before the fast-dying fire.

It was the work of an instant for him to reach the unconscious sleeper's side; the glittering blade he clutched in one hand was raised above the helpless breast, and but for the brave boy who watched the murderer from a darkened corner, honest old Traper Tom would never again see the sun rise or set.

But the keen-edged weapon was not buried in the kind man's breast, for a rifle shot rang out upon the night air, and with a wild yell of agony the murderer's hand dropped helplessly at his side, his right wrist shattered by the leaden bullet.

As he turned and gave a bound into the outside darkness, a sudden flash of firelight revealed the hideous face of Joe Scott, now distorted with pain.

The next moment he had vanished in the darkness beyond the camp.

In less than five minutes every man was up and in pursuit of the would-be murderer, but they returned two hours later without finding a solitary trace of him.

So Ugly Joe was none other than Joe Scott, the bully of Wichita.

Trapper Tom never forgot how brave Gordon Lillie had saved his life, and all through life he never had a firmer, truer friend than the bluff, yet kind-hearted trapper who played a trick on him to test his courage, and he would not bear the thought of parting with him, yet he realized that the time was

not far distant when he must do so, for he saw plainly that the boy was destined to make his mark in the world.

Thus I have given you, my dear young readers, the early days of the most famous scout, and when we again meet him it will be in the midst of different scenes and surroundings, where he has the opportunity to prove in a greater measure his courage and coolness when threatened by death and danger.

CHAPTER XIX.

A HAVEN OF REST.

Before we part from our hero, however, we must follow each one of our favorite friends on their separate ways, for once one becomes attached to an individual, whether real or ideal, as I have said before, it is hard to part.

Strange, is it not, how we grow to care for the boys and girls who exist only in the beautiful realms of fancy?

After Harry Reynolds returned home, for a time he was quite satisfied to care for the few acres of land, the little garden, and make his aged mother comfortable, but he was not the same youth who had gone forth from the modest roof, his heart filled to overflowing with hope for the future, his footsteps light and free from care.

There was a graveness about him which his mother could not understand—a shadow upon his brow which she had never seen there before—and she longed to speak to him, but something kept her silent.

Try as she would, she could not speak.

One bright evening she found him sitting alone, gazing wistfully out into the silent moonlight that flooded the world with glory, his head resting upon one hand.

He did not hear her approach, and the first he realized that she was near he felt her gentle hand laid lovingly upon his brow.

"What troubles you, my son?" she asked, in that same mild, sweet voice, the first he remembered having heard upon earth, as she taught him to kneel at her knee and lisp his evening prayer. "Tell your mother, my boy, what it is that troubles you. For whom can you trust more than you can her? Who loves you more than she does?"

One moment only was the young man silent, and then he turned and looked at her, while his heart grew tender.

Ah, how dear she was to him, how he loved the gray hairs, the kindly face with its lines and wrinkles, and yet as he gazed at her through a mist of tears, another face arose before him—a beautiful, proud face with tremulous, red lips and dark eyes dim with tears, the face of Dollie Clayton—and he put his arm caressingly about his mother's shoulders.

"I cannot say who loves me any better than you do, mother," he said, slowly. "But there is one in this world whom I love. Ay, mother, love her far better than my own life."

"Better than you love me, my son?" the fond mother asked,

a jealous pang shooting through her bosom, for what mother likes to learn that her boy, whom she clasped in her arms, and his baby lips lisped her name first of all, has given the place she once fondly dreamed was her own to another? It is the hardest blow of motherhood.

He did not behold the tears in her eyes, but he heard the choked sob in her voice, as she asked in low, stifled tones:

"Oh, Harry, my boy, do you care more for her than you do for me, your mother who would die for you?"

"No, mother, I do not love her better than I love you, but it is a different kind of love," he replied, stroking the bowed, gray head with loving hands. "I love you and that love is holy, pure, serene, such as I would feel for one of God's blessed angels. But she, my peerless Dollie, ah, my life is incomplete without her."

"Then her name is Dollie?" the mother said, half jealously. "And she is the dearest thing in all the world to you?"

"Not the dearest, but one of the dearest," he answered, with a smile. "For there are two whom I adore. My mother and my beautiful, brave Dollie. Listen, mother, and I will tell you all about her."

And there in the silver moonlight Harry Reynolds told his fond mother of the beautiful, brave young girl who had won his heart.

He kept nothing from her.

He told her of her life from her earliest childhood, passed in the midst of people who could not, who never would understand her.

He kept nothing back, and when the mother learned how the fearless girl had saved her boy from the angry mob in Wichita, she clasped her trembling arms about his neck, whispering:

"Go and find her, my boy. Bring her home with you, and I will welcome her, and give her a mother's love. The one to whom my boy has given his heart shall find his mother's heart also belongs to her. It hurt me a little at first, Harry, to think that another had filled the place so long my own, but now I am content. I must not be so selfish. I am forgetting myself."

"You selfish little mother," the young man replied, drawing her closer to him. "You! Ah, you would sacrifice anything in this world to make someone else happy. But you will love Dollie, mother—you cannot help it; and how she will love you, poor little girl, for she never knew a mother's love."

Thus it came to pass that ere many days had passed Harry Reynolds left his old home to go in search of the girl he loved.

He knew it would be some time ere he returned, and he did not wonder at the tears which filled his mother's faded eyes when he left her.

He was determined, however, to find her before he looked upon his home and his mother's face again.

That mother's blessing followed him as he went down the

narrow, winding walk, and when he paused at the gate and looked back, he saw her standing there, her face wet with tears.

Alas! how little he knew what awaited him, and how different life would be than what he imagined.

How little he knew of the bitter disappointments that would be his in the distant future.

He went straight to Wichita, hoping to find her there, but upon his arrival he learned that she had been gone a long time.

No one had any idea of her whereabouts, and he did not remain long in the town.

Joe Scott had also disappeared, and Sam Clayton still lived alone in the humble cabin that had been Dauntless Dollie's home.

It must have been the hand of fate that sent him to a small Western city one stormy night, for, as he was walking hurriedly to his room in the hotel where he was stopping, a woman's plaintive voice suddenly said:

"For the love of Heaven, sir, give me a few pennies to buy a loaf of bread. I am starving to death in the midst of plenty!"

That voice!

Ah, how it thrilled him through and through in spite of the accent of despair in it!

He knew it—he would know it, no matter where he heard it—and with an exclamation of surprise, mingled with joy, he turned to the speaker.

"Dollie!" he cried. "Oh, Dollie, have I found you at last?"

The light from the street lamp shining over the girl's face revealed a hot flush of shame, and she shrank back, trying to hide herself from his searching eyes.

"I—I did not dream it was you," she murmured in deep confusion. "For had I known that you were the person I asked for help, I would have died first."

"And why should you not ask me before all others, Dollie?" reproachfully. "Am I not your best, truest friend? I have been searching for you for many weary days, and I have found you at last. The very thought of you being poor and in want while I have plenty, makes me feel like a scoundrel. But you shall never want again, Dollie, for I am going to take you back home with me, no matter what you say, or how much you protest, you are going."

Poor Dollie!

She did not protest very strongly against going home with him, for the haven of rest there offered was sweet indeed after her roamings and sorrows.

He told her of his mother, of the welcome she would give her, and the girl's face glowed with happiness.

Then, after they had enjoyed a substantial supper at one of the small restaurants of which the town boasted, he escorted her to a hotel where she would be safe for the night, intending to start for home the day following.

But neither of them could see the dark storm cloud hovering above their heads just at that moment, when the future seemed brightest.

Neither did they see the figure that followed them to the very

door of the hotel, nor could they hear the low chuckle of fiendish delight that burst from Joe Scott's lips, for he was the spy.

"So ye'll steal my gal, will ye, young feller?" he muttered. "Not if Joseph knows it, and ye'll wish ye hed never been born if I ever meet yer!"

All unconscious of the scheme the big bully was planning, the young man slept soundly that night, and with light spirits started the following morning to see Dollie.

To his amazement she was not there, and he could find no trace of her.

At first he could not believe his own eyes, but gradually the truth dawned upon him.

She was gone; she did not want to see him, she was simply deceiving him; and with his heart burning with anger he once more turned his face homeward, not knowing that poor Dollie was in the hands of her enemy, Joe Scott.

CHAPTER XX.

FATE.

It is so easy to misjudge those who are nearest and dearest to us, and when Harry Reynolds once made up his mind that Dollie Clayton was fickle and unworthy, he returned home, and in a stern, calm voice, requested his mother not to speak of her again.

From that hour out her name was never mentioned between them, and the young man remained quietly at home, caring faithfully for his mother.

She only lived a few months after that, and as soon as the funeral was over, he turned his back upon his home for the last time.

It had passed into the hands of a stranger, and his one desire now was to meet Gordon Lillie, the brave boy to whom he had taken such a fancy.

He did not know where to go, in fact, he had not the slightest idea where his friend was, but he believed he would find him somewhere in the West.

Gordon meanwhile was with Trapper Tom and his band.

They still continued their hunting and trapping, but each day the old man's face grew graver and sadder at the thought of parting with his favorite.

More than once Gordon found him sitting in deep silence before the fire, his head bowed, his face resting between his two toil-hardened hands, and there was a suspicious dimness in his keen eyes that looked as if tears were not far behind.

"Durn it, but I can't bear ther thought of parting with ther kid," he would say again and again. "Seems as if he belonged ter me, and I'll blubber like ther old fool I am when I do see him goin'. I wish ter goodness I'd never sot eyes on him, and then I wouldn't feel so mighty mean about it. Waal, it's

ther way of ther world. Ye always have what ye don't want, and want what yer can't hev. But I'm blasted if I ever thought I'd be sich a tarnal fool as I be."

Gordon was beginning to get restless and uneasy, and while he was fond of the wild, free life he led with Trapper Tom's band, yet he felt that there was something more for him in the world, and he was ambitious.

Youth is ever ambitious, sometimes too much so, but it did not prove to be the case with our hero, as our future stories will show.

He had decided to leave his good friend and seek his fortune in other parts.

The sturdy trapper's voice trembled when he bade him go and better his lot, and when he was alone that night he sobbed like a little child.

"Durn it, I feel like I was goin' ter ther funeral of somebody," he said, half ashamed of his own weakness. "But it's fur ther boy's own good, and I'm a cussed old fool ter be sniffin' like a ten-year-old."

The next day was the one on which Gordon was to go away, and the entire band intended to escort him to the distant town for which he was bound.

They told him gravely that it would be a foolhardy thing for a mere youth to attempt such a journey on foot across a wild, unbroken country, beset on all sides by perils and dangers both from the Indians and the white renegades, with which it was thickly peopled.

At first he laughed at them, saying he could take care of himself, and then after a second thought he decided that they knew best, for they were older and wiser—they had more experience—while he was a mere boy.

As far as fear was concerned, he did not know the meaning of the word.

Trapper Tom shook his head dubiously when Gordon made light of the matter.

"Ye needn't laugh, my boy," he said, slowly, "for I'll bet ye'll be mighty glad ter hev us with ye 'fore ye reach ther town. There hain't no sidewalks between here and thar, or keers either, but thar's more durned injuns hidin' in ther grass, and more renegades than ye kin knock out of a cocked hat, and they're ther very devils when they get hold of anybody! I'll bet a dollar thet pizen face thet tried ter cut my swaller ther other night is with 'em, and he'll be sure ter know ye. Durn his ugly mug, anyway, but I'd like ter lick ther stuffin' outter him! But come along; thar's no time ter be lost, and we've got ter git a move on us. I know yer made of as good stuff as kin be found, but thet hain't it. Let a hundred red devils, all yellin' and screechin', git around one man, and I don't give a cuss if he's as brave as a lion, he'll be sure ter git his head in such a durned whirl thet he can't shoot ter hit anything!"

So off they started, Traper Tom and his band, all anxious to escort the youth on his way to begin a new career, all eager and hopeful for that future.

He was liked by every man, and they felt a keen interest in his welfare.

Our hero was fortunate in making friends with everyone who

chanced to know him, and the impression once formed of his true worth and character was only strengthened as time passed.

That journey to the new life was never forgotten by either the boy or his comrades.

In spite of the sadness arising from the parting it was a pleasant time.

At night they sat around the cheerful campfires telling stories for hours, and early the next morning they resumed their journey.

It was a jolly, free life with no care, and to the trappers it was a sort of vacation, a rest from their daily labor.

One night every member of the band had rolled themselves in their blankets and were soundly sleeping, leaving Trapper Tom and Gordon sitting before the fire, whose leaping flames had settled down to a mass of glowing coals.

The men all saw how fond the old man was of the boy, and they were discreet enough to retire early and give him a chance of being alone with him.

The boy watched him as he sat gazing thoughtfully into the coals, puffing away in silence at his pipe, and just as he turned to say something to him a woman's shrill shriek of terror rang out upon the night air.

That cry of alarm had an effect that was like magic upon every man there.

They sprang to their feet, and with rifles tightly grasped in their hands, listened.

Then with a motion of the hand that meant silence the trapper ran lightly up a hill that lay before them.

Reaching the top, he dropped upon his hands and knees, crawling forward to look down into the valley on the other side.

What he saw there fired his blood, and his men who were eagerly awaiting his signal to join him, rushed to his rescue the minute he turned around and waved his hand.

When they camped there for the night, they had carefully scouted about in every direction, but there was not a living soul to be seen anywhere.

Now, before them in the valley, they saw a single, white-covered wagon, and the fire which had blazed up revealed the dusky figures of a number of Indians and renegades, while in the grasp of two brawny savages, a slight figure struggled, shriek after shriek filling the night with echoes of terror.

Like a flash Traper Tom and his brave band were upon them, and in less time than it takes me to write it, the renegades and their red allies were put to flight.

They did not dream of anyone being near, and they had believed the occupants of the wagon would be entirely at their mercy.

When the enemy had disappeared, and quiet was once more restored, Trapper Tom learned that they were people of wealth, traveling for pleasure, and for the health of one of their party, the aunt of the beautiful dark-eyed maiden they had seen in the hands of the savages.

She spoke of a dreadful looking white man, whose face was so hideously ugly that it frightened her.

"It was thet ugly mug thet tried ter knife me, I'll bet,"

Trapper Tom exclaimed. "But it seems ter me that it's mighty resky ter be travelin' about in a wagon in these parts and with sich a small party. Didn't I tell ye, sonny, thet ye'd be durned glad ter hev Trapper Tom along with ye?" grinning slyly as he saw Gordon gazing intently at the fair maiden who seemed to be equally interested in him also.

The youth's handsome face flushed and he turned away.

Those dark eyes had gone through his heart like a dart, and in a dim, vague way he realized that it was fate.

Life would never again be the same to him, though how little he dreamed of the years that would elapse ere he looked upon her again.

He learned that her name was May, and that was all he wanted to know.

Little he cared whether it was Jones, Brown, or Smith, for he had made up his mind that in the years to come she would bear the title of Mrs. Gordon Lillie; and he also resolved that when the happy day dawned she would be proud of it, for he would be famous.

Upon reaching his destination, the entire party separated, each going in different directions.

Trapper Tom and his band went sadly back to their wild abode, and the fair May and her friends turned their faces homeward, leaving the youth standing alone in a strange town among strangers, but happy because of the dark eyes that had looked into his, the clinging clasp of the soft little hand that held his heart strings within her rosy fingers, and now, kind reader, we must leave him for a little while, for we shall meet him again in the midst of new and exciting scenes.

THE END.

"Read "THE YOUNG DESERTERS; or, THE MYSTERY OF RAMSEY ISLAND," by Capt. Thos. H. Wilson, which will be the next number (556) of "Pluck and Luck."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly except the following are in print: 1 to 5, 7, 8, 10 to 13, 15 to 18, 20, 22, 25, 29 to 31, 34 to 36, 39, 42, 43, 48 to 50, 54, 55, 57, 60, 64, 68, 69, 75, 81, 84 to 86, 89, 93, 94, 100, 109, 116, 119, 124 to 126, 163, 171, 179 to 181, 212, 265. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, New York, and you will receive the copies you order, by return mail.

Tourgenieff, the Russian writer, says: "I returned home from the chase and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening mouth. She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all."

"HAPPY DAYS"

The best illustrated weekly story paper published

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

PRICE 5 CENTS

A NEW STORY BEGINS EVERY WEEK
IN "HAPPY DAYS"

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper containing Interesting Stories, Poems, Sketches, Comic Stories, Jokes, Answers to Correspondents, and many other bright features. Its Authors and Artists have a national reputation. No amount of money is spared to make this weekly the best published.

Out To-day!

Out To-day!

Standing by His Chum

—OR—

The Schoolboys of Richland Hall

By Frank Forrest

Begins in No. 746 of "HAPPY DAYS," issued January 15, 1909.

For Sale by all newsdealers, or sent to any address on receipt of price by

Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

Pluck and Luck.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1909.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 "
One Copy Six Months.....	\$1.25
One Copy One Year.....	2.50

Postage Free.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Sq., New York.

THINGS OF INTEREST.

The attention of L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, Augusta, Me., has been called to a large steak-cod recently caught by Capt. Everett Ricker, and which contained in its stomach a live lobster, ten inches in length. Chairman Carleton, in company with a photographer, visited Portland, where the fish was on exhibition, and had several photographs made. "It is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of in the shape of freaks," said Mr. Carleton. "From the condition of the cod's stomach, it was evident that the lobster had been swallowed when an infant, and had been years growing to attain its present size."

M. Bompard, a French musician, who for a wager has composed the music to a song in ten minutes, is a formidable rival to H. Trotere, of whose feats of rapid composition some remarkable stories are told. His beautiful song, "Asthore," was, it is said, both written and composed within forty minutes in Blanchard's restaurant; the famous melody of "In Old Madrid" was jotted down in a few minutes on a biscuit bag in a little public house in Rochester Row, into which the composer rushed, on his way from the Aquarium, lest the air should escape him before he could reach home; "Go to Sea" was composed, under similar conditions, in a West End music shop; and, crowning feat of all, it is actually said that Mr. Trotere composed "The Brow of the Hill," wrote a letter, and ran four hundred yards to catch the post, all inside of eight minutes. After this, one learns without surprise that Sir Arthur Sullivan completed the overture to "Iolanthe" between 9 p. m. and 7 o'clock the next morning, and that to "The Yeomen of the Guard" within twelve hours.

"One day," says the writer, "as I was walking past a certain drug store, I saw a banana peel on the sidewalk. I threw it in a waste can, being connected with the Department of Street Cleaning, and continued my walk. About half an hour later, returning through the same street, I was considerably surprised to find another banana peel in the same place, and on looking at it closer, I observed it was the same one that I had removed but half an hour before. Again I picked it up and deposited it in the waste can. Passing the same corner the next day, my attention was attracted to a crowd of people squeezing their way into the drug store. I elbowed my way through, and got in just in time to witness the following scene: A badly bruised man was sitting on a chair, while a pharmacist was dressing the wounds, saying aloud as he prepared to administer some salve: 'Gentlemen, this man

here slipped on a banana peel in front of my store. The salve I am dressing him with is my own invention, and is patented in Washington. It is certain to heal wounds, mosquito bites, and remove freckles from the face. It's only 10 cents a bottle.' Many people patronized him, and I continued my walk. Returning a little later, I found the drug store empty and quiet, but on the sidewalk there again lay a banana peel. I again stooped to remove it, when suddenly I was accosted by the druggist, who yelled: 'What the deuce do you care if this peel lays here? Go about your own business.'"

OUR COMIC COLUMN.

Father—Why did you run away, Franz? Franz—Because mamma was so unkind. Father—That is no reason. Do I run away?"

"How do you know he has a lot of money?" "He has gotten two automobiles." "That is merely a sign that he used to have a lot of money."

Miss Knox—Your conversation, Mr. Ledden, reminds me of some champagne. Mr. Ledden—Ah! So sparkling as all that? Miss Knox—No; but it's extra dry.

Towne—Do you believe in dreams? Browne—I used to, but I don't any more. Towne—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? Browne—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me.

Miranda—I don't care if he does own a motor car and a steam yacht, I won't marry him! Why, he's a regular flat. Mrs. Matchmaker—Yes, dear, but flats with all the modern improvements are very desirable.

"I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are cross when I ask questions. Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity?" "Great Scott! No. Yours is the most perniciously active, wide-awake, sleepless, energetic curiosity it was ever my fate to encounter."

Reed—I see Edwin Anthony, in an article published in the Chess Player's Chronicle, computed approximately that the number of ways of playing only the first ten moves on each side is 159,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000. Greene—That's a surprise to me. I've never tried more than 123,517,289,444,961,000 of them.

Jacob Riis, whose heart covers all suffering humanity, recently engaged a pretty, soft-haired girl to work his typewriter. While her face was pretty, he also saw that it was pale, and his heart at once went out to her as a suffering being. After watching the girl for half an hour one day, he asked her, in a tone full of sympathy: "Don't you get awfully tired, sometimes, from that incessant click, click of the machine?" "Yes, sir," replied the girl. "I do. It wears on the nerves dreadfully." "I thought so," said Mr. Riis, warming up, now that he had found a suffering soul. "Don't typewriters ever graduate from their work?" "They do," replied the girl, as a happy light broke over her face. "And then what do they turn their hands to?" asked the warm-hearted reformer. "Well," said the girl, as the prettiest pink blushes suffused her cheeks, "they generally marry their employers." Then Mr. Riis turned hurriedly to his work.

"BOYCOTTED."

By D. W. STEVENS.

My duty not long since carried me over the water and led me to Ireland, thrilled from one end to the other by a deep feeling of hatred toward the large landed proprietors.

It is not my intention to go into any learned disquisition on the p's and q's of the situation, but my observation satisfied me that there is much to say on both sides, although, as is natural, my sympathies ran toward the popular side.

In — I saw a family of eight huddled together in a little shanty, the children all but naked, and poverty their constant guest.

The head of this family had a "holding" of a few acres, but not anywhere near enough to support his family and pay the heavy ground rent.

He was to be sympathized with, for so hard put to it was the family that I was informed that they had none of them eaten a mouthful of meat in a year.

On the contrary, however, a little intelligent effort—which they were free to make—would have made their home cleaner and more comfortable than it was.

The fact of my being an American was an "open sesame" for me, and the Irish people did not at all hesitate to take me into their confidence, so satisfied are they that America and Americans are in sympathy with them; and they are not far wrong.

I traveled over a good part of Ireland at the time, and in one town was a witness to an affair of "Boycotting," which is, namely—leaving the "Boycotted" person entirely to his own resources; not speaking to, assisting, or being assisted by, the obnoxious individual.

In the present instance the "boycotted" individual was a certain Jerry McTeigue.

At a no very distant date he had been the "holder" of a small farm, but certain apparent qualities had so recommended him to the owner or landlord, that Jerry had been made a sort of superintendent of the farms and tenants.

When, in response to the landlord's notices, the tenants failed to pay their rents promptly, Jerry had been engaged to hurry them up.

Carried away by his little brief authority, he belied every opinion heretofore formed of him, by becoming oppressive, and overbearing and harsh.

Speedily a deep feeling arose against him, which had gained such proportions by the time he realized the fact that he could not undo it.

Becoming aware that he was held in detestation, cursed wherever he went, pelted on several occasions with rotten eggs, and suffering various other indignities, his wrath was aroused, and he determined to more than get square with the others.

"The rent must be paid at once, or out you go."

These words were so frequently on his lips that they became stereotyped, and he acted up to the very letter of his threats.

The storm of indignation against him reached its highest pitch when he inhumanly turned a widow (her husband had died the week before) and her small children, out of doors.

I was present at a chance gathering of the Irish "holders," who are now known under the general term of "land-leaguers."

It was solemnly enjoined upon all present not to have aught to do with Jerry McTeigue, not to speak to him, nor do him a favor, but rather to obstruct him wherever possible in the performance of his duties.

As a result of this meeting, McTeigue passed to and fro

among them, but none answered his "Top o' the marnin'," or his bows; only angry glances and frowning brows were turned toward him.

They avoided him as if he were a leper.

"See here, Denny," said Jerry, stopping on the road a man who had long been his neighbor, an old-time friend, and indeed a crony. "See here, Denny, man, why don't you stop and take an old friend by the hand as you used to do? Here, shake hands with me!"

From his head to his feet a pair of scornful eyes surveyed the agent, and then Denny replied, in a cutting tone:

"Shake hands with you? I'd rather shake hands with the devil himself! Shake hands with you? Jerry McTeigue, I'd be roasted first! If you wasn't an Irishman like myself, I could forgive you belike. But when a man goes back on his own countrymen, he ain't fit to live. Shake hands with you? If I ever so far forget myself, may my good right hand wither and rot until the flesh falls from the bones!—may my eyes be struck with blindness!—may my tongue be torn out!—and may I go limping through purgatory forever!"

The intense detestation visible in Denny's words and manner angered the agent, who, despite the despicable part he was playing, was not devoid of a certain courage, which caused him to spring close to the man who had uttered this fearful abjuration.

"Denny, man, you'll regret ever having said those words to me," shaking his finger in front of Denny's face.

"Take it down!"

As he said this Denny knocked aside the threatening forefinger and spat at it contemptuously.

Jerry clenched his fists.

"Ha!" snarled Denny, "do you show fight? Whoop! That suits me exactly. I've been waiting the chance to give ye a good drubbing. Take that, ye spalpane!" giving Jerry a black eye, which he carried for many a day.

Jerry did not fight back.

He knew that Denny was the better man, and pocketed the insults and the blow, and went his way, cursing roundly, and vowing vengeance on the other's head.

A month or more passed away, and it was then that I appeared on the scene.

By this time Jerry had been so thoroughly boycotted that he could not even purchase goods at any of the neighboring stores.

They would not sell to him.

Just at this time Denny had the misfortune to break his leg.

It was a piece of very hard luck, as rent day was not very far distant, and the land-leaguers as yet had not got so far as to dare to absolutely refuse to pay rent.

Denny was just able to hobble around when rent day arrived.

Almost to the hour Jerry McTeigue put in an appearance, an evil and triumphant smile on his lips, for he guessed that Denny would be unable to pay his rent, not having done "a tap of work" since the breaking of his leg.

"Are you ready with your rent?" he demanded.

"I am not."

"Perhaps ye'll have it afore dark?"

"I shall not."

"Do you refuse to pay?"

"I can't pay."

"Well, it's all the same. I suppose you know what to expect?"

"What?"

"Dispossession."

"Of course, seeing the power is in such hands as yours," said Denny. "And you'll no be givin' me a week?"

"A week. No, not a day; not an hour. I owe you a grudge, Denny, for what you said to me, and I mean to square it. I'll be off for the papers at once."

The law allows three days, and promptly on their expiration Jerry McTeigue put in an appearance.

One of Denny's children had suddenly fallen seriously ill, but this fact had no weight with Jerry, who proceeded to ruthlessly hustle Denny's few poor things out of doors, together with the sick child.

The exposure, brief as it was before she was taken into the hut of a kind-hearted neighbor, caused the child's death.

Having heard of Denny's case, I sympathized with him, and paid him a visit to proffer some little assistance, and chanced to be in the hovel when the child died.

"This goes to the account of Jerry McTeigue," said Denny, his face expressing as much resentment as sorrow.

Half an hour later I found him behind an outhouse, engaged in loading up an old-fashioned pistol.

He had already got the charge of powder in, and was putting in a bit of the head part of a spike as a bullet, when I came upon him.

He hastily concealed the weapon on seeing me, and at once began talking of America.

"Can you loan me the money to go there?" he finally asked me. "I'll pay you back in good time."

"I can, and will lend you the money," I said. "But, Denny, I hope you intend nobody any harm?"

He looked earnestly at me.

"I'm no coward, nor a skulker, nor an assassin. No man can, and no man ever shall, say that I took any advantage of him."

With this reply I was forced to be content.

About a week later a wild rumor ran through the whole county.

Jerry McTeigue, the agent, had been "boycotted" to his death.

In company with many others I made my way to the spot where the body of Jerry had been discovered.

The inhuman agent was stretched at full length on the earth, his face turned up to the sky, a big, dark-red patch of coagulated blood on his forehead.

Near by him lay a revolver, one barrel of which was discharged.

Some said it was a case of suicide, and I knew that if it was not, he had at least had a show for his life.

I did not wish to know too much, and turned away from the spot.

I found, on returning, that Denny was gone, whither no one seemed to know.

I said nothing, but instinctively I knew how the agent had met his death.

But, after all, it was only surmise, and I did not actually wish to know anything, so I soon packed up my things and left the town.

Going into Dublin by train I heard two gentlemen speaking of affairs—of how alarming they were growing—in Ireland.

"The fatal missile was dug out, and proved to be a bit of spike."

Immediately on hearing this I placed myself beyond reach of any further words between them.

Who it was that was killed by the bit of spike I never knew.

Nor can I guess—perhaps because I don't wish to.

You, reader, may be able to connect the two circumstances, although I cannot.

I'll say no more, further than that Denny is in New York,

and that, true to his word, he has returned the money I loaned him.

"Was there much excitement that day?" he asked me on the occasion when he came to pay back the money.

"What day?"

"Why, the day I——"

He paused, and we looked fixedly at each other for several minutes.

"I am a detective, attached to the New York force," I then said.

He looked a little startled at first, but soon an expression of confidence came into his face.

"Bless you!" he said, and extended his hand.

Silently we shook hands, and silently parted.

I don't want to see him again.

You can guess why.

VICTORIA FALLS

Oozing out of a black, boggy depression in the heart of southern Africa is a sluggish muddy stream which wends its way southward, very leisurely at first, but grows rapidly in size and strength until it pours into the Indian Ocean, 1,650 miles away, fourth in rank among the mighty rivers of Africa. About 700 miles from its source, and just beyond the cataracts of Mololo, the Zambesi, joined by the water of the Kwando river, spreads out into what might be termed a lake about six miles long and over a mile in width. This lake is studded with islands and the surface is very smooth, the vegetation along the banks being perfectly mirrored in the placid water.

Strange to say, the lower end of this lake is marked not by a shore line nor by the slightest narrowing of its surface, but by an abrupt fall beside which our much-vaunted Niagara is a mere pigmy. It is an entire lake that takes the plunge, and not merely a river.

At Niagara the river takes a plunge of 168 feet, but the Zambesi falls sheer 400 feet. The crest of Victoria Falls is over a mile long—5,808 feet, to be exact, whereas the American Fall at Niagara measures but 1,060 feet, and the Horseshoe Fall is only 1,230 feet across, or 3,010 feet as measured along the curve. To be sure, in comparing Niagara with Victoria, it must be said in favor of the former that the Horseshoe Fall presents an unbroken crest, while the edge of the Victoria is divided by numerous islands into stretches which nowhere exceed 600 feet.

Fully as remarkable as the falls themselves is the peculiar formation of the chasm into which the water pours. Facing the falls, and separated from them by a space of less than 300 feet in width, is a vertical wall of rock presenting a barrier to the flow of water which is unbroken except for a gorge near the center a little over 300 feet wide. It seems as if this wall, which at one time undoubtedly formed the lower terminal of the lake, had been moved bodily back by some giant hand, leaving a deep, narrow fissure into which the waters of the lake fall. Since there is but one outlet from this fissure, and that only 300 feet wide, the depth of water in the gorge must be exceedingly great. The peculiar geological formation may be said to cause the lake or river to flow first on end over the falls, and then on edge through the gorge.

Family Doctor—I should no longer conceal the truth from you, sir. You have only a few days to live. Mr. Levelhead (weakly)—Then, doctor, I wish you would buy me a ticket to Europe and have me placed on board a steamer. "But you could not live to reach Europe." "I do not wish to. I want to be buried at sea, so that my family will be saved the ruinous expense of a funeral and have something left to live on."

Latest Issues

"THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76"

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 414 The Liberty Boys and the Wicked Six; or, The Plan to Kidnap Washington. | 418 The Liberty Boys on the Delaware; or, Holding Fort Mifflin. |
| 415 The Liberty Boys and "Mad Mary"; or, Fighting Among the Hills. | 419 The Liberty Boys in Wyoming Valley; or, Dick Slater's Narrowest Escape. |
| 416 The Liberty Boys' Indian Runner; or, Thrashing the Red Raiders. | 420 The Liberty Boys and the Fighting Parson; or, The Brave Rally at Rahway. |
| 417 The Liberty Boys in Canvas Town; or, The Worst Place in Old New York. | 421 The Liberty Boys at Four Hole Swamp; or, Cornered by a Regiment. |

"WILD WEST WEEKLY"

A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC., OF WESTERN LIFE

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 320 Young Wild West's Triple Round-Up; or, Arietta and the Cattle King. | 324 Young Wild West's Nevada Vengeance; or, Arietta and the Buried Gold. |
| 321 Young Wild West Catching the Claim Crooks; or, The "Bad" Men of Beauty Spot. | 325 Young Wild West's Cowboy Cavalry; or, Saving the Besieged Soldiers. |
| 322 Young Wild West Put to Torture; or, Arietta and the Apache Avengers. | 326 Young Wild West and the Overland Express; or, Arietta and the "Gun Fighter." |
| 323 Young Wild West and the Death Sign; or, The Secret of the Forgotten Ranch. | 327 Young Wild West Playing It Alone; or, A Game for Life or Death. |

"SECRET SERVICE"

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY DETECTIVES

COLORED COVERS

32 PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 515 The Bradys and the Veiled Picture; or, Sentenced for Life to Silence. | 519 The Bradys in the Secret Tunnels; or, Masks and Mystery in the Ghetto. |
| 516 The Bradys and No. 775; or, The Messenger Boy Who Was Robbed. | 520 The Bradys and 3-4-6-9; or, Trapping the Bank Burglars' League. |
| 517 The Bradys and the Five Jars; or, Dead for Twelve Hours. | 521 The Bradys and the Boy Detective; or, Tracked by a Branded Arm. |
| 518 The Bradys and the Hidden Room; or, Tracing a Mysterious Clew. | 522 The Bradys after the Midnight Men; or, The Error that Cost a Life. |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. F., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By G. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scene Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing four-teen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of hardkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfrow.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 6. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**

PLUCK AND LUCK.

32 PAGES Contains All Sorts of Stories Beautifully Colored Covers PRICE 5 CENTS

LATEST ISSUES:

- 491 The White Wizard of the Bowery; or, The Boy Slaves of New York. By Allyn Draper.
- 492 Harry Dare; or, A New York Boy in the Navy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 493 The Little Unknown; or, The Young Hero of the Reign of Terror. By Allan Arnold.
- 494 Jack Quick; or, The Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 495 Lost in the Great Basin; or, The Wonderful Underground City. By An Old Scout.
- 496 From Bootblack to Senator; or, Bound to Make His Way. By Howard Austin.
- 497 The Seven Tigers of the Mountain; or, All for Love and Glory. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 498 Slippery Steve; or, The Cunning Spy of the Revolution. (A Story of the American Revolution). By General Jas. A. Gordon.
- 499 Blown Out to Sea; or, Lost Among a Strange Race. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 500 The Boy Volunteers; or, The Boss Fire Company of the Town. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 501 The Swamp Doctor; or, The Man Witch. By Allyn Draper.
- 502 The Rival Roads; or, From Engineer to President. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 503 The Boy Editor; or, The Struggles of a Brave Orphan. By Howard Austin.
- 504 Kit Carson, the King of the Scouts. By An Old Scout.
- 505 Lost Among the Slave Hunters; or An American Boy's Adventures in Africa. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 506 Rattling Rube; or, The Jolly Young Scout and Spy. (A Story of the American Revolution.) By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 507 The Doomed City; or, The Hidden Foe of Plummerdale. By Howard Austin.
- 508 The Pride of the Volunteers; or, Burke Halliday, the Boy Fireman. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 509 The Boy Mutineers; or, Slavery or Death. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 510 Always Ready; or, The Best Engineer on the Road. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 511 Branded a Deserter; or, Boy Rivals in Love and War. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 512 A Scout at 16; or, A Boy's Wild Life on the Frontier. By An Old Scout.
- 513 Diamond Dave, the Waif; or, The Search for the Great Blue Stone. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 514 The Little Corsican; or, The Boy of the Barricades. By Allan Arnold.
- 515 Headlight Tom, the Boy Engineer. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 516 The Sealed Despatch; or, The Blind Boy of Moscow. By Allan Arnold.
- 517 The Swamp Rats; or, The Boys Who Fought for Washington. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 518 Nino, the Wonder of the Air. A Story of Circus Life. By Berton Bertrew.
- 519 A Fireman at Sixteen; or, Through Flame and Smoke. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 520 100 Feet Above the Housetops; or, The Mystery of the Old Church Steeple. By Allyn Draper.
- 521 The Boy Explorers; or, Abandoned in the Land of Ice. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 522 The Mystery of the Volcano. A True Story of Mexico. By Howard Austin.
- 523 Fighting with Washington; or, The Boy Regiment of the Revolution. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 524 The Smartest Boy in Philadelphia; or, Dick Rollins' Fight for a Living. By Allyn Draper.
- 525 The White Boy Chief; or, The Terror of the North Platte. By An Old Scout.
- 526 The Boy Senator; or, How He Won His Toga. By Allan Arnold.
- 527 Napoleon's Boy Guardsman; or, A Hero at Eighteen. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 528 Driven Adrift; or, The Trip of the Daisy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 529 Rob the Waif. A Story of Life in New York. By Howard Austin.
- 530 The Wildest Boy in New York; or, Saved at the Brink. (A True Temperance Story.) By H. K. Shackelford.
- 531 Bushwhacker Ben; or, The Union Boys of Tennessee. By Col. Ralph Fenton.
- 532 The Night Riders of Ravenswood. (A Strange Story of Arizona.) By Allan Arnold.
- 533 Phil, the Boy Fireman; or, Through Flames to Victory. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 534 The Boy Slave; or, A Young New Yorker in Central America. By Howard Austin.
- 535 Dunning & Co.; the Boy Brokers. (A Story of Wall Street.) By A Retired Broker.
- 536 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers. By An Old Scout.
- 537 Ollie, the Office Boy; or, The Struggles of a Poor Waif. By Allyn Draper.
- 538 The Two Boy Stowaways; or, A Strange Voyage on a Doomed Ship. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 539 Columbia; or, The Young Firemen of Glendale. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 540 Paddling on the Amazon; or, Three Boy Canoeists in South America. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 541 Happy Jack, the Daring Spy. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 542 Nameless Nat; or, A Millionaire in Rags. By Allyn Draper.
- 543 The Boy Mail-Carrier; or, Government Service in Minnesota. By An Old Scout.
- 544 The Boy Messenger of Russia; or, The Czar's Secret Despatch Bearer. By Allan Arnold.
- 545 Monte Cristo, Jr.; or, The Diamonds of the Borgias. By Howard Austin.
- 546 The Boy Privateer Captain; or, Lost on a Nameless Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 547 The Boys in Blue; or, The Football Champions of Cherryville. By Allan Arnold.
- 548 From Bootblack to Broker; or, The Luck of a Wall St. Boy. By A Retired Broker.
- 549 The Blockhouse Boys; or, The Young Pioneer of the Great Lakes. By An Old Scout.
- 550 The White Boy Slaves; or, The Student Exiles of Siberia. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 551 A Coral Prison; or, The Two Boy Hermits of the Indian Ocean. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 552 Dick "I Will"; or, The Plucky Fight of a Boy Orphan. By Allyn Draper.
- 553 Larry of the Lantern; or, The Smugglers of the Irish Coast. By Berton Bertrew.
- 554 My Chum Charlie; or, The Strange Adventures of Two New York Boys. By Howard Austin.
- 555 The Boyhood Days of "Pawnee Bill"; or, From the Schoolroom to the Frontier. By An Old Scout.
- 556 The Young Deserters; or, The Mystery of Ramsey Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.
- " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.
- " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....